

# The Listener

Published by the British Broadcasting Corporation

Vol. XI

Wednesday, 17 January 1934

No. 262

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## Whither Britain?—II

By the Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.

*Complete text of the talk broadcast by Mr. Winston Churchill on January 16*

I AM very glad to have the chance of speaking to you all about the affairs and future of our country. We have to ask ourselves two questions: Where do we stand? And what ought we to do? My time is so short that I can only deal with a few big things, and can only tell you what I think about them without arguing them out, as I should like to do. What I say will not perhaps please the Government party or the Opposition parties. I forgot to look up how many there were, but I do not expect that any of them will send me a bouquet tomorrow morning. I do not wish to deprive Mr. Ramsay MacDonald or Sir Herbert Samuel or Sir Stafford Cripps, or any other of our political guides and heroes of whatever floral—or vegetable—tributes may be their due. Still as you sit around your own firesides, wondering how it is all going to turn out and what you can do to help old England, I hope you will listen to my advice, and even if you do not agree with what I say, I trust that you will think it over.

First of all, it seems to me that we have much to be thankful for. We have been brought safely through the awful fires of Armageddon, and now in this great world depression we are not only holding our place, but we are doing better than almost any other country. Our finances have been put back into much better order and though we are not paying our debts, at any rate we are paying our way, which is much more than the Americans or the

Germans or the French can say. What a comfort it is to think that there are over seven hundred thousand more men at work now than there were last Christmas. I ask you to give a cheer for the health and giant strength of our wonderful nation amid all the economic trials and problems of this modern world. And surely recognition is also due to the Government which has presided over this great improvement, and aided it by important action.

But more than that—we have preserved so far the rights and freedom of our men and women, and the existence of our Parliament during a time when in every other country such things have been trampled down by tyranny and dictatorships. We have preserved the decencies and the tolerances, the stability and the dignity of our island life, which our forefathers gained for us by their wisdom and hardy courage; while almost everywhere beyond our shores there is a very different scene. Look where you will over this confused tumultuous world and you will find no land where thought and action are so free, where property is so respected, where courts of law and the Government are so free from corruption, where there is less class-hatred, or where more money is spent and more pains are taken to deal with suffering and misfortune. Under her ancient monarchy and Parliament Britain has so far proved herself able to come through the fiercest storms of war and peace that have ever beaten upon mankind.

And tonight, now, here tonight, we still have the power



to choose our destiny and to clear a broad, sure, highroad for our children to tread. What, then, ought we to do? The world around us has greatly changed and is changing fast. Much has happened which does not help our country. There is no doubt we are girt about with many dangers. Gone—far gone—are the palmy days of Queen Victoria when we manufactured the goods and our ships carried the goods for nearly all the world, in days before the aeroplane or submarine had been invented, when Britannia ruled the waves and we were safe in our island home.

First, and worst, there is the danger of war. You see what is happening between Russia, China and Japan, and the tremendous thrust for conquest and empire by trade and by the sword that the Japanese people are making and are going to make. We have our interests there; but some of you will say, 'Well, that is all a long way off!' But what is happening in Europe is not a long way off. It is quite close. It is only a few hours away. Anyone can see what is going on there. Surely we ought to put our defences into such a state that we can, if we choose, live our own life in our own way, and develop our own country and its great possessions as we think fit. We have never been—certainly not for hundreds of years—so defenceless as we are now. When the Great War broke out in August, 1914, I was at the Admiralty, and with the approval of our best admirals I was able to tell the Cabinet, 'You can send the whole army out of the country if you wish. The Fleet is ready and we can guarantee the island against invasion or starvation'. That undertaking was made good by the Royal Navy.

But no one can say that now. The hideous curse of war from the air has fallen upon the world. Don't you think we ought to try to make ourselves as strong against attack from the air as our Navy used to make us against invasion across the sea? We used to say we would have a Navy stronger than that of any two powers. But surely the least we ought now to do is to have an Air Force as strong as that of the nearest Power that can get at us? If we had that, I do not believe we should be attacked. Or if we were, I do not think it would last long, or do us a mortal injury. Till we have that, we are no longer the same kind of independent country that we used to be, that any of you were born into. We lie with all our wealth and civilisation exposed to the ferocious hatreds which tear the continent of Europe, and have nothing to trust to for our life, and for our right to judge freely what course we will take, but our diplomacy and our good intentions. I am all for diplomacy and good intentions, but first of all we ought to make the island safe. Our finances are sound, we have the best credit in the world. No one can make better flying machines than we. We breed a type of young man nursed in freedom, intelligent and keen-eyed, who will do all that is required of him. And even if having a one-power-standard in the air should make more work for builders, engineers and skilled men who are unemployed, I think we could put up with that.

But that is not all we ought to do. We ought to have a clear honest foreign policy which anybody can explain and everybody can understand. Mr. Wells last week sneered at the League of Nations. He is one of those visionaries who are always talking about 'a world state' and 'a planned Destiny', and a 'new order of society', and then when any practical steps are taken towards these remote ideals are the first to point out their shortcomings and mock at them. I do not agree with those who say the League of Nations is no use, and could never prevent another European war. It may be the only chance of preventing one; or, if it cannot prevent it, of making sure that the guilty disturber of the peace has the worst of it. If the League of Nations is not broken up by wrangles and intrigues about disarmament, it may still remain an august tribunal to which not only great Powers but small peoples may look, if not for protection, at any rate for a declaration of where right and justice lie. It would indeed be a melan-

choly ending to all the hopes of those who strive for peace and for justice which is higher than peace, if that great instrument of the public opinion of the world and of the public law of Europe were to founder in the increasing disorder of the age. We must take our place there and do our duty, with other countries large and small. And not only with those countries which fought in the War, but with neutral countries like Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Switzerland. We must bear our share in building up a confederation of nations so strong and sincere that in Europe at least no aggressor will dare to challenge them. No doubt there are dangers in every course; but it is a wise saying 'There is safety in numbers', and I believe that we must not desert the League of Nations, but rather make it plain that we intend to play our part, be it smooth or be it rough, and there do our duty.

And now I come back home to our own country and its troubles and hopes. It is not true, as Mr. Wells suggested, that the world is getting poorer or that our standard of living here is getting worse. Life in the cottage home is not getting better as quickly as it ought; but it is better than it was, even before the War; and if we pull together there is no reason why there should not be a continuous improvement. The cause of this world-depression is not famine or scarcity! It is our very power to supply our wants more abundantly that has upset the old arrangements. Man is conquering nature, and the problem now is to spread the plenty which science can bestow. We have got to find out the answer to that; and I believe that we shall find a way. It is certainly not by the Russian plan of exploiting hatreds and sharing miseries. But there is no need for us to gape at our problems in helplessness and stupidity. Fancy the Minister of Agriculture—that able man—crying out against all the extra pigs and the milk and the eggs that began to be produced last year in England—in England, mind you—as the result of his experiments; while at the same time his colleague the Minister of Health is making scientific calculations to find out exactly what is the very least food—the calories and the vitamins and the proteins and all that learned jargon—that will keep an unemployed man and his family alive. If it is so easy to produce surplus food, surely it ought not to be too hard to bring it to those who need it, and would like to eat it, and would be all the better for eating it. You don't want a revolution to arrange that. All you want is a little more commonsense and a better organisation. Look at all these slums they talk about so endlessly, and then think of the labour and the capital standing idle—you don't want 'a new world order' to clear them out—what you want is a pick-axe and someone taking off his coat to the job.

I don't say President Roosevelt is right in all his experiments; but one does admire the spirit in which he grapples with difficulties, especially in contrast with the timidity and woolliness and the mental imprecision which we see in some other places.

But do you think our Parliament is strong enough to cope with the problems of the present day? You know quite well that many powerful forces threaten our Parliamentary system. Some threaten it from one side of politics, some threaten it from the other. There is no doubt that people do not think so much of the House of Commons as they used to. The House of Lords or second chamber is in a state of decay. I would far rather be governed by these Parliamentary institutions which have so long presided over the growth of our race and nation, than by any sect or faction, or Socialist or Fascist organisation, or by the bigwigs of finance and industry, or by the officials of the public departments, or even by the newspapers. We ought to guard very carefully and prudently in this age, when Parliaments are everywhere being destroyed, that Mother of Parliaments by which we have all been brought up—and not so badly brought up after all—better anyhow than Mr. Wells' dear half-baked Russian friends.

(Continued on page 126)



# Essential Qualities of British Art

By R. M. Y. GLEADOWE

*In this series, which has been timed to coincide with the Burlington House Exhibition, Mr. Gleadowe—who is Art Master at Winchester, and late Slade Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford—will consider the main achievements of British art in such branches as architecture, embroidery, metal-work, and other crafts, as well as in painting and sculpture*

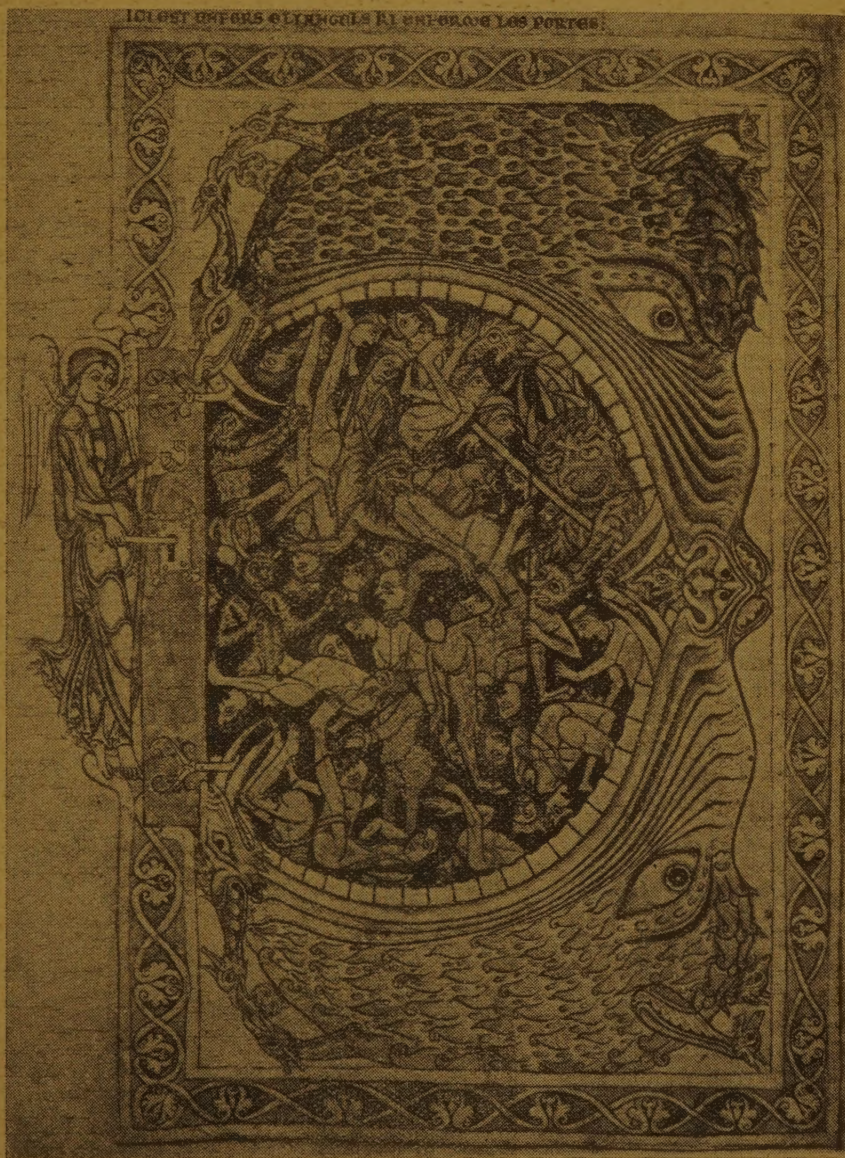
THIS winter a good many attempts are being made to say just what is meant by British Art and what there is about it typically or peculiarly British. The sum of such attempts can only throw a hint or two of light, from various angles, on a form elusive as Proteus. Each of us will start with prejudices of race, vision, character and training. Some of our best artists have known heartbreak and starvation; and it has been usual for Englishmen to belittle the art of their own country. Of its general merits we need not doubt. The prejudices with which we approach the definition of its qualities will depend much on our idea of what is meant by art itself. We have got used to the idea of art as meaning chiefly painting: 'fine art', and, still worse, 'applied art' are familiar English terms suggesting that objects can be designed and made without art and then made artistic by 'fine art' being stuck on to them. 'Fine art' means especially painting, the supposed superiority of which seems based on its being able to express ideas by copying appearances. But even painting, drawing and sculpture can have quite other aims and methods.

If painting is what we mean by art, British art has a curious history. In the Dark Ages, from the eighth to the twelfth centuries, native painters in these islands designed and made the best patterns of anyone in Christendom: during the Middle Ages we should guess from inadequate evidence that they hardly fulfilled this brilliant promise: certainly they were not a leading School. From 1500 to 1700 there was virtually no British painting; native painters, with one or two exceptions, imitated Germans, Dutchmen or Flemings working in this country. Even the excellent school which developed here in the eighteenth century was native in little more than its subject matter and the intention of some of its members. For the rest it was a branch of the European tradition. It is a surprising fact that we did not learn to paint at least portraits in the Netherlands manner. In the German Hans Holbein we had the best of teachers; and at least one of his

English imitators showed that acute and rapid physical perception—our birth-right in other walks of life—which might have issued in a great objective portraiture. But this racial gift was held back from its obvious destiny or at most side-tracked into the minor but exquisite art of miniature; and, later, those of our painters who were most in love with appearances, and fully capable of their organic rendering, used their powers as a taking-off ground for elemental effects

or romantic illustration. It was, perhaps, an ill chance which turned our animal painters to the designing of sporting prints, and our painters of birds, fish and flowers to the illustration of scientific printed books. A touch of conscious religion in our instinctive nature-worship—a little less matter-of-fact science and Latin humanism, a little less sense of property—might have produced pictures to rival, in that kind, the Chinese. In landscape we are their one rival; and it was in this most native art that the delight of our eyes in our own shores and clouds and countryside at last had issue: an art practised in truancy without patron or reward by our greatest painters, and attempted to this day by numberless British amateurs.

Painting in England developed so late that we must suppose that our genius has not often taken kindly to the expression of ideas or the rendering of appearance in paint. Sculpture tends to have more formal interests; and the curve of British



Twelfth-century psalter, from St. Swithun's Priory, Winchester. Cotton MS., in the British Museum

sculpture is not quite parallel to that of our painting. It reaches a high level long before the Conquest; but its apex seems to be in the thirteenth century, and, during a progressive decline of the sister art, it remains high for two or three more centuries. In the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries there are among our sculptors no Gainsboroughs or Constables, no Turners or Blakes.

We shall have a little time later to consider the achievements of our painters and sculptors in expressing ideas and rendering life. But art means a great deal more than 'fine art'. There can, in this broader sense, be an art of almost any activity. Painting





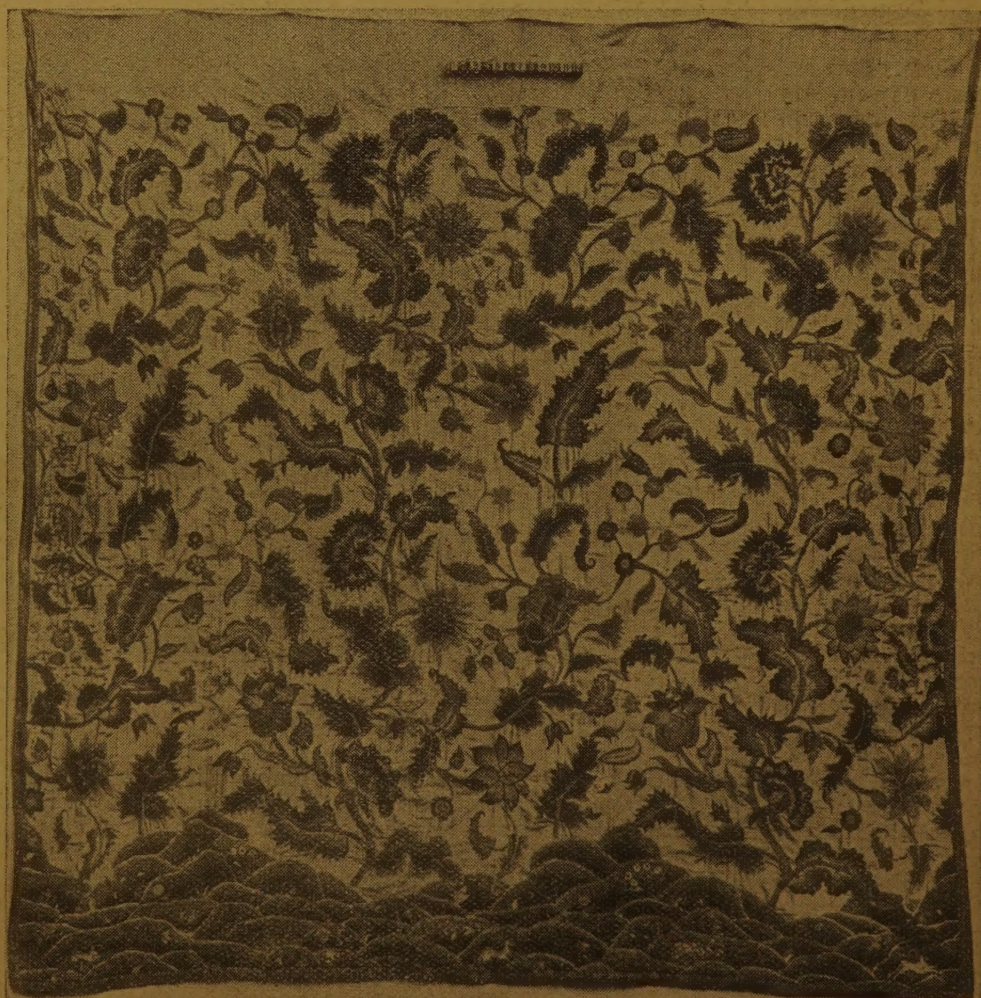
Gold Bowl. Late fourteenth century. Formerly in Studley Church  
Victoria and Albert Museum

is a matter of personal sensibility; often based on conscious theory, subject to fashionable change. In such changes only the leading individuals count for much; their followers are negligible. We demand of painters a high order of fresh vision and original invention—genius: and genius is rare. The art of a people is something much less rare. We can think of it as less personal than racial, analogous to national and local character, issuing in outward and visible forms, expressing an inner unconscious instinct for orderly perfection: a visual standard of life. As 'manners makyth man', so style is not only the man but the people. A tidy room, a well-found ship, samplers, shawls, tartans, smocking and quilting, our farms and gardens, our uniforms and ceremonies, the launching of our liners, the Trooping of the Colour, the printing of our books, these may be works of art, giving to our inner spirit an issue in form. Wealth, tranquillity and patronage are needed for the 'fine' arts: these humbler arts of the people are rather a spontaneous by-product of our daily lives. In any case external conditions—economic, material, climatic—will not go far to explain the character of our art: which will rather reflect some inner truth about the British people; persisting, in spite of alien influences, modifying, absorbing and rejecting them. Can we at all define this character?

'Intimacy', a 'shy and sensitive freedom', 'commonsense', 'simplicity', an 'amateurish sensibility', 'magic and grace', these are some of the almost opposite qualities we are invited to look for in our art. Mostly they are qualities of manner and character: they hint at control, restraint, good-fellowship and an unobtrusive friendliness, a quiet reserve. Excess of such qualities may lead to a puritan distrust of art

as an immoral distraction, a dangerous idolatry: and more than once the puritan spirit has not only cleansed but nearly drowned our arts. Aesthetically this sensitive reticence invites a close attention, and not the generalised vision of the distant and dilated eye. It profits by familiarity and use; it improves on acquaintance; it does not take by storm. It has its parallel only, I think, in the suppressions, the faint understatements of Chinese art, which has found its way straight to our shy but stalwart hearts. Fancy suggests that this reticence, this delicacy, is that of our own land and sea and sky; and perhaps we can find a similar note of colour—a muted harmony of mother-of-pearl and lunar rainbows, of subtle greens and browns and pinks, dulled purples and tarnished metals, the modest vesture of our moors and downs and coverts, our heather, turf and wood-anemones. As for 'magic' and 'commonsense', we have indeed little baroque and less flamboyant; no *terribilita*; no serious rococo. Reynolds preached but hardly practised the grand manner: even our palaces are homely. Our fairylands are friendly; our castles in the air. Of the sublime we know chiefly that it is but a step from the ridiculous: humour has saved us on the whole from pompous solemnities. But we have our share of the grotesque; we have Hilliard's fancy, Wyatt's enthusiasm, Pugin's frenzy, and Blake's imagination, and the periwigged *chinoiserie*, the *sharawadgi*, of a long age of 'rank dilettantism', the pleasing horrors of the picturesque, the monstrous nob of the Great Exhibition.

I do not know that from this range of qualities it might follow that the formal expression of our essential spirit should be by means of clear, clean, definite lines, now straight, now delicately curving, gentle but firm, unemphatic but unequivocal, nervous, graceful, athletic, to the point—like Chaucer's verse, or English folk-song, or Tudor polyphony. But it is not only a personal preference, but the weight of high authority today, which leads me to seek in line our readiest means of native expression; a means to which we have, in my lifetime, very evidently returned. A calligraphy of clean, linear melodies—the springing and undulating curves of healthy growth and unimpeded movement, streamlined as by the elements of air



English Embroidery. Seventeenth century. Bed-curtain from Sizergh Castle

Victoria and Albert Museum





Robert Andrews and his Wife—an early Gainsborough

Topical Press

and water—such is the idiom of our Celtic ornament and Northumbrian illumination, of our Saxon carving and Norman detail; of *opus anglicanum* and Winchester draughtsmanship; of Early English and Perpendicular building; of our mediæval sculpture, brasses, windows, wall-paintings and iron-work; of the reactionary native portraiture of the Elizabethans; of our illustrative drawing and engraving, on wood and metal; of our embroideries, and many of the forms and decorations of our furniture, silver, pottery and glass.

In the remains of such crafts is crystallised the evidence of the standard and quality of our life in past ages. Their development has been in the main a quiet evolution. The arts of France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Scandinavia, Holland, Greece, Persia, Egypt, China and Japan have all enriched but not enthralled our vision. But tradition in building and decoration was revolutionised in the early seventeenth century, and more than once again in the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth centuries an effective challenge of architectural theory and taste has radically changed our sense of form. An element of stability and conservatism, putting a drag on fashion, has been the regional grouping—the inaccessibility—of customs, loyalties and materials; but—apart from the Court—of course there have been urban and monastic centres, dealing culturally or commercially in works of art—among them London, Canterbury, Durham, York, St. Albans, Bath, Winchester and Norwich. A glance at one of these—Winchester—might give us a hint of some of the changes and continuities of British art.

The Cathedral here epitomises the history of English building from the late eleventh to the sixteenth centuries. For all the destructive fury of reformers, it still has fine examples of sculpture, wall-painting, furniture and ornament in wood, stone and iron. Here was the capital of Anglo-Saxon art as well as government. Here, in the tenth century, was the greatest English school of writing and illuminating; and a centre for carving in stone and ivory, embroidery and jewellery. Over the garden wall (which is the old city wall) is the Deanery with its thirteenth-century triple vaulted porch. From the Deanery garden was dug up the lovely Winchester 'Synagogue': over mine looks Saint Mary of Winton, placed there by William of Wykeham, for his fourteenth-century college. Above his Steward's chantry, in a work-room some five hundred years old, my pupils design garages, cinemas, speed-boats and the furniture and fittings of 'modern' interiors. Next door to us is the old Bishop's Court House, with its Tudor front of black-and-white timber. On the other side is Bishop Morley's Palace, a minor masterpiece of Sir Christopher Wren, who

made a great plan for a new Winchester, as he did for a new London. We are surrounded by low simple houses and cottages of the seventeenth, eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, in brick and stone and local flint. The faint pathos and the criminal lunacies of the Gothic Revival are represented here in Milner's Chapel and our deplorable Guildhall. Our War Memorial typifies the determined recovery in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries of a lost tradition of craftsmanship and sound building; and every year adds some new beauty of embroidery or other reawakened craft to the Cathedral or the College. There is a hope that the next building undertaken by the College will be a group of workshops, mostly of glass, with something of the clean and calculated order and restraint of the 'elegant factories' of this age.

In some moods this patient uneventful continuity, this pouring of new wine into old bottles, this tactful medley of styles, is oddly oppressive, seeming to cry out for the logical perfection and homogeneity of a brand-new layout—for plans and forms severely functional, and an unimpeachable use of right materials, designed and perfected for their exact purposes. But, like it or not, this slow evolution, this continuity of growth, is, in spite of outbursts of vandalism and ages of neglect, typical of this country of compromise, in which it is agreed that a reverence for the old is no bad foundation for a sane desire for new experiment and untried endeavour. At any rate, we are busy not only preserving but restoring the ancient shell in which we live, even while we look ahead for new forms, and the new uses of new materials. I am not sure, writing in Winchester, or talking in Broadcasting House, which seems the more natural.

The Advisory Committee of the Leverhulme Research Fellowships invite applications for 1934 Research Fellowships. These Fellowships are intended in the first instance for the assistance of experienced workers rather than to add to the provision already existing for workers in the early stages of their careers. The Trustees have in mind particularly men and women who are prevented either by pressure of routine duties or by any other cause from undertaking or completing an investigation of value. No subject of enquiry is excluded from the scope of the scheme, but under present conditions the Trustees intend that preferential consideration should be given to subjects in which the existing provision is inadequate. The closing date for receipt of applications is March 1, 1934. All applicants must be British-born and they must also be normally resident in the United Kingdom. Enquiries and communications in connection with the scheme should be addressed to Dr. L. Haden Guest, Secretary, Leverhulme Research Fellowships, Union House, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C. 1, from whom forms of application may be obtained.



# A German Public School

By KURT HAHN

*Herr Hahn is a Master at Salem, the school on the shores of Lake Constance, which, founded on the pattern of the English public schools, has, as will be seen from the talk printed below, developed on strongly individual lines*

ANY German connected with the Country Home Schools must be grateful for an opportunity publicly to render account and to render thanks to this country, for Herman Lietz, the greatest educator of modern Germany, who founded in 1899 the first Country Home School, was inspired by the British Public School system.

A representative of Salem speaks under a special obligation, as we owe essential traits in our system to the teaching of Professor J. A. Stewart of Christ Church, that great disciple of Plato who died recently. At the same time, in describing Salem aims and methods, I have certain misgivings lest anything I say might imply a criticism of the English Public Schools. Such a criticism would, at all times, be improper, but in particular coming from me who, while knowing the pre-War England, do not know the England of to-day.

Besides, any educational system ought to aim at starving what is bad and nourishing what is good in the national character. And diseases of national character vary in different countries, and even where they are the same, they differ in virulence. I should think, for instance, that the illness of introspection is less pernicious in Southern countries where the blissful vivacity of the population can be trusted to act like a breeze bringing or restoring health, while in our Northern climes such sources of healing are lacking.

Prince Max of Baden founded Salem in 1919 under the shadow of Versailles. He retired to his Castle on Lake Constance, an old Cistercian Abbey, a few days before the signing of the Treaty, after making a last appeal to the German people: 'If you sign, Europe will become a chaos of national and social upheaval'.

This warning was of no avail. There was no strength left in the people. No wonder; up to March of that year 800 persons had died daily from the blockade, mortality among children was doubled, doctors were helpless in face of curable diseases, thousands of mothers could not get adequate nourishment for their convalescent children, the vitality of the growing generation seemed sapped at the root. All the sores of our history, so rich in discord, seemed to open up again. There was a class war of unheard-of bitterness, there were intense religious feuds, at the same time a triumphant progress of cynicism—among the right-minded no desire for a combined effort to defend what was once sacred to the nation. One felt inclined to quote Bismarck's cruel words: 'If two Germans agree they quarrel why they agree'.

Germany was indeed in a sorry plight and Prince Max of Baden was made responsible for the national catastrophe which, as I and others believe, might have been averted had he been made Chancellor in time. His answer was the foundation of Salem school, and his ambition was no more nor less than to set in motion, by education, the cure of Germany's international and domestic troubles. This was the message he gave to us:

Make use of the tragic lesson of the War. See to it that the world of action and the world of thought are no longer two divided hostile

camps. Build up the imagination of the boy of decision and the will—power of the dreamer so that in future wise men will have the nerve to lead the way they have shown, and men of action will have the vision to imagine the consequence of their decisions. Nurture the spirit of spontaneous discipline and co-operation, make a national brotherhood of your community, lay the foundation of class peace. Build bridges to the outer world and ultimately create a system of education which can be handed to the nation. Train soldiers who, at the same time, are lovers of peace.

Now, can you build up a soldierly spirit and at the same time restrain it? Can you, in Germany, train soldiers who pray for peace while being ready for a Thermopylae against an invader? I shall give Prince Max's answer:

The true character of a man and a nation cannot be arrived at by statistical methods. The man and the nation may lose themselves for long periods: the character as God has wanted it to be, only flares up at rare intervals.

In 1812, when Fichte spoke to the German nation, and the French army, broken in spirit and body poured back from Russia into Germany, a wave of Samaritan love swept

over the country and the oppressors were given a kindly shelter by the men who subsequently fought the war of liberation. In August, 1914, during the battle of Tannenberg, Hindenburg was asked to console the wounded. He refused. 'I could not give orders any more after I have seen their suffering'. 'What is that?' Prince Max asked, and his answer was 'Deutschland'. When in December, 1917, at the height of our military successes Prince Max spoke the words, 'To love your enemies is a sign of those who remain loyal to the Lord even in times of war. I would like to add it is also the sign of those who remain loyal to Germany', the greatest response came from the Army.

These are indeed flashes of history, revealing and proving the national character. Prince Max caught the spark, housed and tended it in his great castle at Salem; he followed the precedent of your Public Schools. He said with Pindar to the individual and to the nation, 'Grow into what you are'.



Salem is housed in the castle-monastery, part of which is shown above, erected in 1697-1705 to replace the Cistercian monastery founded in 1138, and confirmed by Barbarossa as a Royal Abbey in 1158



Now let me describe how we translated the message of the Founder into an educational system. Firstly, we graded the fees according to the income of the parents. This is how we escaped the enervating atmosphere of privilege which so often surrounds a school only open to children of the wealthy. We found that decadence is not always an inexorable law of nature. More often it is a wilful waste of a splendid heritage. In their own interest and in the interest of the nation, children of the powerful and the secure ought to share the experiences of an enthralling school life with the sons and daughters of those who have to struggle for their existence. We were, in Salem, only able to build up a tradition of vigorous and joyous exertion because during the first years, 30 per cent. of our children came from homes where life was not only simple but hard. Secondly, we had a day school attached to Salem, the children, for the most part, coming from self-respecting peasant homes, bringing with them a definitely critical attitude that means daylight at times strong enough to dispel the two spectres inevitably haunting every successful boarding school—self-satisfaction and self-deception. Thirdly, we brought the artisans of the neighbourhood into the school life. We were specially favoured as some of them had their craftsmanship handed down from father to son since monastery days. We sent our boys to their workshops in the villages: to the bookbinder, the builder, the joiner, the lock-smith, the smith and the wood-carver. These artisans proved often real educators; they showed a greater horror of half-finished work than the school-master. So, Salem from the first was never isolated. It soon became the centre of the district, reviving the dignity of the past. Every Christmas our children acted a Nativity play. We had brought it back to Lake Constance from where the Protestant refugees had originally carried it to Hungary in the sixteenth century. Over a thousand came to see it, still able to understand the old dialect, and every year there was the same thrill when Herod gave his order to kill the children, and the Virgin Mary suddenly stood before him: 'Oh Herod, oh Herod, you wicked man. What have the little children done to you?' Almost equal numbers flocked to see the Shakespeare play or Greek play acted in front of the Castle every summer.

Now I come to the Salem system of self-government. At first we adopted the prefect system. We called them Helpers. At their head was the Guardian. They were responsible for law and order and the tone of the school. On the initiative of an English colleague, an ex-Captain of Eton, we increased their responsibilities, entrusting to them tasks important enough to wreck the state if performed in a slovenly way and to save it if efficiently carried out. Each Prefect was the head of a department. There was the Prefect of Works. He directed the building of the running-track which had to be ready for our meeting with Harrow and which had to cost £200 less than the expert's estimate. It was finished just in time and all the work had been done by the boys and one groundsman. This Prefect also advised the Engineers' Guild which, for four years, was building a wooden house eight miles away in the hills and for two years was constructing a glider. Then, there is the Prefect of Juniors. His job is to safeguard the interests of the Juniors against masters and seniors. Then we have the Prefect of Health assisting the nurse in looking after the convalescents and in protecting the delicate children who had to undergo a training gradually hardening them while at the same time sparing them. There were special exercises for those with weak feet, weak arms, curved spines and narrow chests. The Prefect of Outposts looks after the day boys, visiting

them in their homes. The Prefect of Organisation is there to prevent waste. He is responsible for the safe treatment of the many stoves. The central heating in the school building was entrusted to a boy working under him.

The Guardian and Helpers are appointed by the Headmaster and picked from the body of 'colour-bearers', an 'Upper House', like Pop at Eton electing its own members. It does so in recognition of responsible work. The 'colour-bearers' are one-fourth of the school. Every one of them has a job which is of importance to the state. There are two grades of dignity which a boy must attain before he can be made a 'colour-bearer'. After a term's trial, he is given the uniform. After a year he receives the privilege and the burden of the Training Plan. This is a characteristic Salem institution much criticised by our English friends. I should like to say a few words in defence of it.

There are two methods of governing the young. You can either fetter them by distrust or bind them by trust. I would back a spirited boy any day to defeat the first method. I believe in the second method which was Dr. Arnold's—but only on condition that you fortify it by a daily incentive to self-supervision. That is what the Training Plan achieves. Every evening a boy notes down whether he has carried through certain rules laid down to build up and maintain his fitness: such as a cold

bath in the morning, soaping every part of the body in the afternoon, reporting an illness, skipping and not eating between meals, special exercises varying in individual cases and designed either to overcome a particular weakness or to develop a particular strength. His work is registered in the same way and he enters a plus or minus under the headings of: All work done; worked in silence; work begun punctually. As part of their plan, 'colour-bearers' have to walk by themselves for two hours on Sunday. This is meant to engender a protective habit against the nerve exhausting and distracting civilisation of today. Sometimes certain points are entered under the cypher X, the meaning of which is only known to the boy or possibly to his Mentor if he has confided in him. These points may touch important and subtle issues of self-discipline. The entry is not a confession to a stranger, it is a confession to himself and to his conscience.

Now I come to the third aim of the Founder. Build up the imagination of the boy of action. We ought rather to say keep it alive, for with a healthy child it is always there before the preparatory school stage. We find the boy and girl of six hardly ever bored by empty hours. We find them forever dreaming, planning, building, discovering, asking, singing, and making-believe. Then suddenly all that stops together. The child home for the holidays does not know what to do with himself. Why? Organised games have begun too early. They do not necessarily damage the dreamer who takes refuge from games in a safe and secret corner of his own. They damage the boy athlete who is thrilled by his football experiences and lured away from his own creative passions till one day they are no longer capable of revival. Imagination not in use becomes atrophied like a muscle which never functions. In Salem we began by letting the youngsters share the life of the older boys. That was neglect. Then we segregated them in a preparatory school eight miles away, overlooking the edge of a hill plateau, 2,000 ft. high—the Alps are appearing and disappearing in the distance, you catch a glimpse of the lake. The scenery itself has a bracing effect on the spirit of enterprise. We decided not to let organised games begin until the thirteenth year and found that the imagination of the child survives and



Runners at the great gate of the School



grows strong till it is safe even in adolescence. We give them plenty of leisure and we are not afraid of it because we are providing healthy fodder for their leisure. They dramatised Greek and German sagas and acted them in the wood. They prepare every year the Feast of the Hundred Year Old Lime Tree which stands not far from the school like a great sheltering mother. They arranged in three months' work an exhibition of different nationalities. Twenty groups were busy, each studying a particular people, their noises, habits and history. They made their own costumes and for one day the whole House was littered with 20 tents, each charging gate money which helped to lay the foundation for a little zoo. Latterly they had another Salem Junior School only six miles away, across hills, rivers, and deep gorges. Expeditions to and fro to rob and rag the rival were planned and dreamed of for months beforehand, many of them, thank Heaven, not coming off, but some I am afraid carried out with strategical genius and tactical precision in the early hours of the morning.

The junior coming down to Salem and to the other senior school, Spetzgart, opened in 1929, brings with him his imagination safe. To keep it so, however, we found it necessary to dethrone games even in the senior schools. We rationed them. They are compulsory on two days a week. On other week-days and also as a rule on Sunday, they are not allowed. We were prepared for a lessened proficiency in games but the result was the opposite. Our games, by being rarer, have become more dignified and festal. More like Greek and less like Roman contests.

I now come to the most difficult demand of the Founder. Make the sensitive dreamer work for and love the common cause. Now the question arises, how far ought we to go in accepting into our community life so-called nervous and difficult children. For instance, if a father came to me with this story: boy unruly and unbalanced, easily elated and depressed, climbs steeples, steals from shops, has tried to commit suicide twice—should I not direct him to a home for abnormal children? This is not a fictitious case. This boy lived in England in the eighteenth century and his name was Clive. I believe my public school should have room for a boy like young Clive, not to do him a kindness but in the interests of my country.

After the pistol had misfired for the second time, Clive felt God had meant him to do something in this world. Now I believe that this faith in your destiny should not depend on lucky accidents in later life. It is our business to give it to the children entrusted to our care. We can do it by satisfying the *'grande passion'*. Whenever I say this to educators both in my country and elsewhere, they raise two objections. The first: only a few children have a grand passion—I believe that almost every normal girl and boy has a grand passion often hidden and unrealised to the end of life. I don't say Salem could always discover it, but we have sufficient evidence to show that it was nearly always there and that where we failed it was our fault. The second objection is this: Where there is a genuine passion worthy of survival it always breaks through of its own. I regard this argument as dangerous, although useful for saving the parents and schoolmaster from a deservedly bad conscience. Let me refute it by telling a story from my university days. There was an American Rhodes Scholar. We knew him as a high jumper, as lazy and intelligent. He got a third, married and became a mediocre lawyer in the middle West. During the war he was a coastguard, looking many a night at the stars which had not interested him since his early childhood. He is now one of the greatest astronomers in the world. Must we wait for a world war to make Professor X and others like him find themselves?

Now how shall we set about this discovery? Certainly not by indiscreet inroads into the psychical inside of a boy. The deep-seated springs of action are the most powerful and at the same time the most delicate works of creation. Exposure to daylight may, while revealing them, damage them for life. Moreover emotional reticence is, with a child reared under our Northern skies, a form of chastity which ought not to be tampered with, even in the name of religion. Salem believes that you ought to give the young opportunities for self-discovery by bringing them into close contact with a number of different activities. When a child comes into his own, you will often hear a shout of joy or be thrilled by some other manifestation of primitive happiness. But those activities must not be added as a superstructure to an exhausting programme. Your good pasture is wasted on an animal which you have stable-fed all day. The numerous activities will have no chance of absorbing and bringing out the child unless they occupy a place of importance, dignity and public esteem in the day's work. Saturday afternoon is given over to the explorers, engineers, farmers, and heralds (art lovers) Guilds. Moreover, there are plenty of opportunities for satisfying the longing for responsibility, the creative energy, the samaritan in-

stinct and the spirit for adventure. Now when the sensitive boy has begun to satisfy his grand passion, we consider him sufficiently tough to try and overcome defeat; that means we deliberately plunge him into activities where he fears to fail. We find that the spirit once triumphant makes the child in defeat fall back on reserves hitherto untapped. This process of hardening is greatly helped by our physical training. We make every boy and girl run round the garden before breakfast. We are able to teach practically all the boys to sprint, to jump and to throw. We make them do it all the year round four times a week during the 'break' in the morning and we find that with 90 per cent. it is possible to build up a resisting and resilient power. The high jump is especially fitted to develop power of decision. The boy of refined intellect often shrinks from this test at the beginning and inasmuch as he overcomes his aversion to gathering up his strength in face of an obstacle the life of action begins to attract him. We have cured a stammerer by the high jump. In 1928, 80 per cent. of the boys who left us could jump over 5 ft. This second senior school under our responsibility, Spetzgart, was even more successful in bracing the nerve and broadening the chest of the delicate boy. This was done by the work on the Lake carried on under the direction of two Naval Officers, sailing and rowing in cutters proving particularly effective. The crowning test came to a number of boys, some of them originally delicate, by long and hazardous expeditions, both on water and land which were at intervals planned by the school and which were intended to form a vital part of our system. In the summer vacation of 1925, 18 boys went to Finland. They bought their boats, crossed the Payenne and Saima, lived to a certain extent by fishing and shooting and then sold their boats again.

I have told the story of how we tried to carry out the Founder's message. On the way we made one discovery about human nature for which we were not prepared, but which constitutes the one contribution Salem has made to education beyond our frontiers: if you bring out the grand passion before or at the beginning of puberty, it grows to be the guardian angel of the years of adolescence, while the unprotected and undiscovered boy rarely maintains his vitality intact from 11 to 15. We do not hesitate to say that often the difference in spiritual age between a boy of 15 and a boy of 11 is greater than that between a man of 50 and a boy of 15. Now this premature ageing is taken like a decree of fate by the family and the school. You speak of the awkward age, we call it the loutish years, and all of us had so far humbly accepted that the boy of 14 loses what Plato calls the unconquerable spirit, his power of joy, grief and anger, that he grows lame and narrow in his love, that his spirit of enterprise becomes tired, and his sacred curiosity extinct, that even from his face the beauty of childhood departs. Now Salem has proved that this is not necessary. We can maintain the freshness and strength of childhood undiluted and unbroken throughout adolescence and hand it to the man as a lifelong source of strength.

G. F. Watts once said that the words 'Whom the gods love die young', always made him unhappy, as he wanted to live to an old age, till one day the consoling inspiration came to him. He who dies at 90, beloved by the gods, has remained a child: 'Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein'.

One last word about the history of the school. We had four children in 1919, we had 420 in 1933 housed in five schools close to each other, and situated in scenery which has been called the most German and which is the most beautiful of my country. Last winter a small town offered to place her secondary school under our responsibility. At the same time a castle on the Baltic was put at our disposal. Salem was hoping one day to start a big day school in Hamburg, meaning by the Training Plan to control the home activities of the boys. Our 'Old Boys' League' since 1925 carried through the following rules to be followed during the university career:

Four weeks' annual training, without drinking or smoking, for the German Sports Badge.

Three months' work in a factory.

Six weeks' course in a sailing, flying or riding school.

Their aim was to build a Salem house in Heidelberg. In March there came the crisis. The Markgrave of Baden, the son of the Founder and our first Guardian, took charge and he has by courage and sincerity won the trust of the Government. They have guaranteed that the Salem system will not be changed. Prince Max would have been proud of the way in which the leading boys and girls have stood the test. Now all depends on children, masters, parents not losing patience and heart during this transitional period. The Government will protect Salem; only desertion can destroy it. But I believe that the system will live and that one day it will be said of Prince Max: 'His testament has fulfilled his life'.



# Roosevelt's Economic Experiments

By J. M. KEYNES

THE economic experiments of President Roosevelt may prove, I think, to be of extraordinary importance in economic history, because, for the first time—at least I cannot recall a comparable case—theoretical advice is being taken by one of the rulers of the world as the basis of large-scale action. The possibility of such a remarkable event has arisen out of the utter and complete discredit of every variety of orthodox advice. The state of mind in America which lies behind this willingness to try unorthodox experiments arises out of an economic situation desperate beyond precedent.

Although we here feel ourselves to have suffered a pretty severe slump, it is, all the same, hard for us to conceive the pass that things had reached in America a year ago. Unemployment nearly twice as bad as the worst we ever had; the farmers ruined; the banks insolvent; no hope apparent in any direction; and all this only three years after such a pinnacle of pride and prosperity as no other country in the world had ever reached. Moreover, the culminating point of these economic disasters had been reached after a period during which orthodox financial advice and high financial circles of the United States were believed to be exerting great influence over President Hoover and his advisers. This, then, seemed to be the result of following so-called sound opinion. Then, on the top of this, came the financial scandals, which were taken by the general public to discredit the financial leaders morally as much as the ruinous state of affairs had appeared to discredit them intellectually.

It is impossible to appreciate what is now happening in the United States unless one realises this background for the so-called New Deal, with orthodox advice contemptuously rejected and the head of the government turning right away from the financiers and all the so-called practical men to theorists and idealists with little or no experience of affairs.

It is not surprising that some confusion should result. The President himself is not, and does not pretend to be, an economist. Economics, one must confess, is at the moment a backward science, whatever one's hopes are for the future, in which semi-obsolete ideas are widely influential, hardly less in academic circles than elsewhere. It must have been difficult for the President to know in what direction to turn for the best available advice. In practice he has shown himself extraordinarily accessible to anyone with new ideas to air whom he believed to be independent and disinterested. Naturally he has received a great deal of advice, some of it inconsistent with the rest and not all of it of equal quality. Himself an empiricist, not wedded to any particular doctrine or any one technique, tolerant, optimistic, courageous and patient, he has been happy to provide the political skill and the power of authority to give some sort of a run to all kinds of *ideas*, ready to judge by results, but admittedly experimenting and watching carefully to drop in time schemes, the actual operation of which began to seem dangerous or disappointing.

Thus, the President himself has been content with general notions, a conduit pipe for the more general ideas of others, considering quite rightly that detail is not his business. He has not been solely concerned with lifting the United States out of its disastrous slump. He is just as much interested, perhaps even more, in many liberal reforms, some of them long overdue. Above all, he has been deliberately standing for the small man, the employee, the small investor, the small farmer, the bank depositor, the owner of small savings, against high finance and big business. Everyone has felt that this was his general position. That without doubt is the main explanation of the extraordinary popularity which has made him for the

moment as powerful a dictator in the United States as any of the other less constitutional dictators of the contemporary world.

It would be a big job even to run through the headings of the measures already taken to carry the New Deal into law. I can only mention one or two. The National Industrial Recovery Act, or N.R.A., includes such social legislation as, for example, for the abolition of child labour and the regulation of hours. It also tries to provide for organised planning, industry by industry, whilst avoiding the abuses of the Trust or the Cartel. Apart from this Act there are the measures to help the farmers—provisions for the reduction of their mortgage interest, funds to buy up and hold surplus crops, and inducements to restrict crops where there has been over-production. Then there are the President's financial measures to enable depositors in insolvent banks to get their money back and to guarantee them against similar losses in future. Help, too, for small investors through the Securities Act, which is largely based on our own legislation for the protection of investors, though in some respects it goes beyond our own Acts.

Most important of all in the short run, and also most dubious and controversial, are the President's monetary measures; partly designed to help the debtor class by raising prices, and partly aimed at curing unemployment. One half of his programme has consisted in abandoning the gold standard, which was probably wise, and in taking various measures—very technical, but, in my opinion, not very useful—to depreciate the gold value of the dollar below its natural level. It is important that monetary arrangements should not hamper business expansion, but it is not easy to bring about business expansion *merely* by monetary manipulation. The other half of his programme, however, is infinitely more important and offers in my opinion much greater hopes. I mean the attempt to cure unemployment by large-scale expenditure on public works and similar purposes. This part of his programme has been very slow to get moving. As recently as the end of October practically nothing had been spent, and as a result of this, employment and output were again falling away. But recently the expenditure seems to have been more substantial. The President's recent sensational budget statement which was in the papers a fortnight ago means vast expenditure on these heads in the near future—if he is able to live up to his programme. Public works, railway renewals, unemployment relief, subsidies to local authorities, further aid to farmers and so forth make up the enormous so-called deficit—much of which, however, will be covered by valuable assets. I doubt whether it will prove practicable for his administration to live up to their full programme. It may take more time to put it into effect than is now intended. But, if the President succeeds in carrying out a substantial part of his programme, for my part I expect a great improvement in American industry and employment within six months.

At any rate those of us—and we are many—who hate the idea of revolution and the uprooting of all those good things which grow slowly, yet are disconcerted at our present failure to seize our opportunity to solve the problem of poverty, will hope to the bottom of our hearts that a man who is thus trying new ways boldly and even gaily with no object but the welfare of his people will manage to succeed.

I believe he will win the first round. The testing time, the more difficult task, will come afterwards—to hold the gains once made and to avoid the fatal relapses which in recent times have always characterised our economic system.





# The Listener

*All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 17s. 4d.; Foreign, 19s. 6d. Shorter periods, pro rata.*

## The Sinai Codex Appeal

THIS week a special appeal in booklet form is being issued on behalf of the fund for the purchase of the Mount Sinai manuscript of the Bible, whose dramatic arrival in this country at Christmas-time drew queues of visitors to inspect it at the British Museum. This interest was not wholly due to the time and circumstances of its coming to London. There was also the romantic history of the manuscript itself, quite apart from its importance to scholars and theologians. The Codex Sinaiticus—a title devised by scholars who never thought that it might come to stand in need of a name with a more popular flavour—is one of a family of three, which includes the Codex Vaticanus and the Codex Alexandrinus. Together these three manuscripts supply us with our earliest sources of the text of the Bible. But whereas both the Vaticanus and the Alexandrinus have enjoyed a secure existence for centuries in two of the greatest libraries of the world, the Mount Sinai manuscript, which was only discovered in May 1844, has passed through many hazards in the course of its subsequent travels. Found in a waste-paper basket, whence it was about to be consigned by the monks of Mount Sinai to the furnace; split up into fragments and dispersed to several different European centres; and even subjected to the indignity of a forger's claim to have written the whole manuscript himself, the Codex, or rather the major part of it, in due course came to rest for a time in the Tsar's Library in Petersburg. It is this portion of the whole, amounting to 347 out of 393 leaves, that the trustees of the British Museum are buying from the Russian Government for £100,000, half of which has to be subscribed by the public at large, while half is being contributed by the British Government.

As script the Codex is a beautiful piece of Greek writing, though for the ordinary man in the street it lacks the thrill of illumination and miniature which he has come to associate with mediæval manuscripts. That part of the Codex which has now reached the British Museum comprises the whole of the New Testament, with two uncanonical works, the Epistle of Barnabas and part of the 'Shepherd' of Hermas. It also comprises fragments of a number of books of the Old Testament and the complete books of most of the Major and Minor Prophets, together

with parts of the Apocrypha. The date when the manuscript was written is calculated to be some time in the fourth century A.D. The acquisition of this manuscript means that the British Museum, which already possesses the Codex Alexandrinus, will now be the repository of two out of the three primary authorities for the text of the Bible. A facsimile of the Sinai manuscript has of course been published before now; but from the point of exact scholarship there is no comparison between examining the best facsimile and the original manuscript itself. The latter alone can ensure the detection of erasures, the erosions of faded ink, and so forth. It may fairly be said, therefore, that this appeal is really an opportunity offered to the British public to demonstrate to the world its veneration for the earliest sources of the Christian teaching and its determination to make sure that they find a secure home. The sum of £50,000 ought not to be difficult to raise in this country. The start which has been made during the past week or two has already brought in £7,000 or £8,000. It is an additional incentive to subscribe to have the assurance that the money will all be spent in this country and will therefore provide employment for British workmen.

Subscriptions may be sent to the Director, British Museum, London, W.C.1, or be handed in at any bank for transmission to the Westminster Bank, Bloomsbury Branch, London, W.C.1, 'for the Sinai Bible Manuscript Account'.

## Week by Week

ACCORDING to Mr. Vernon Bartlett's talk on January 11, as many as 20,000 replies had come in from his listeners up to date in response to his appeal for a post-card verdict on the question of British foreign policy. In his previous talk on January 3, Mr. Bartlett had put two questions at the microphone. The first was: ought this country to join up with others in taking immediate action against any Government which, however serious its dispute, tries to settle it by force instead of by arbitration? The alternative question was: ought we to leave Europe to stew in its own juice and concentrate all our energies on developing trade inside the British Empire, in the hope that we can keep out of another war? Listeners who believed in the idea of 'collective security' were asked to write 'yes' on a postcard; those who believed in 'isolation' were asked to write 'no'. An analysis of the first 13,000 of the postcards received gave the following results: for isolation, 10 per cent. of the votes; for closer team work with other countries, 90 per cent. The poll was kept open until the end of last week in order to give time for the receipt of late mail, particularly from those who had not fully understood at first hearing the questions asked. Mr. Bartlett's own views were that 'I personally believe that it would be quite impossible for us to keep out of any important war in any part of the world, and that, therefore, the more we do to stop it the better'.

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The architectural profession has naturally been quick to point out the drawbacks of the present outburst of building activity: that badly planned buildings make new slums; that the speculative builder, who lacks the craftsmanship and experience which made the mason of the traditional Cotswold or Sussex cottage his own best architect, may take the Housing Act of 1933 as a direct invitation to spoil the countryside with his incongruous enormities. But that some members of the profession have also been quick to seize every possible chance of directing the new building into the right channels is shown by such schemes as that for 'Plans of Small Houses in Buckinghamshire' which is now in full swing. The idea, which originated with a Beaconsfield architect, and was enthusiastically taken up by the county society of architects and the local branch of the C.P.R.E., was based on a simple proposition: that there is bound to be much building by contractors, who cannot or will not afford the regular services of an architect; that the design of speculative building is usually appalling; and



that good design could be ensured without raising the cost of the house by architect's fees each time, if the knowledge of the best architects could be placed at the disposal of the builder. Accordingly architects were invited to submit plans of houses costing not more than £350 each—working drawings and sufficient notes on materials, etc., to enable the builder to erect the house. Within a short time 32 plans were submitted, and judged suitable by Sir Raymond Unwin, Mr. Arnold Mitchell and Mr. A. C. White; and as a concrete example that a three-bedroom cottage can be built for £350 to a design by an architect, a pair of cottages was erected near Beaconsfield to the best of the plans submitted. Portfolios of the plans passed by the assessors are deposited in suitable centres within the area of the scheme, so that they are available for use by any applicant—on payment of one guinea per house to cover the cost of one copy of the plan—who undertakes to allow the architect concerned or his nominee to visit the house during the course of erection to see the plans are being carried out. The whole affair is admirably public-spirited; the architects who have participated have done so because they felt that professionally they should do something definite to improve the standard of design in the country; they pool the fees, and also the work of supervision; the local authorities have played up by allowing the portfolios of plans to be exhibited in their offices; and the C.P.R.E. have offered to put builders in touch with the authors of the designs, to collect fees, etc. It is probable that similar schemes will shortly be in operation in Berkshire and Oxfordshire; and, indeed, the idea is so simple and effective that we see no reason why it should not be taken up elsewhere.

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It is not often that a small group of painters, self-constituted and self-governed, survives the chances and fashions of over twenty years. The very considerable measure of interest which the exhibition of the Society of Eight (at present a society of seven) still commands in Edinburgh is largely due to the wisdom of its members in recruiting, when vacancies have occurred, from painters younger in outlook and more experimental in technique than themselves. For this reason many of the recent exhibitions of the Society have been characterised by a certain incongruity, though time has already justified the judgment of the selectors. The most recent recruit is W. G. Gillies, and the inclusion of his work in this year's exhibition, which has just opened, is likely to provoke a public, already insulted and enraged by the current exhibition of the Society of Scottish Artists, to further expressions of horror. But there can be no doubt that the public that now accepts Peploe and Cadell will some day accept Gillies—as true a son of his generation as they are of theirs—and we can only commend the courage of the Society in including him in their number. He has been given a wall to himself and his display is very impressive; his landscapes are the most personal things in the exhibition, and his 'Portrait' (reproduced on another page) has the dignity and impressiveness of early Florentine painting. F. C. B. Cadell and S. J. Peploe are both well represented; the usual tacit assumption of Cadell's dependence on Peploe becomes, with each year that passes, more difficult to reconcile with the fact. For many years Cadell's main pre-occupation has been with sophisticated linear design, in high-pitched brilliant colour, quite unlike Peploe's solid studies in texture, light and bulk. Peploe's 'Still Life with Loaf', which we also reproduce, by the very restraint and modesty of its statement, and the amazing efficiency with which it is painted, would command respect in any company; he remains, if not the greatest artist, the best painter in Scotland. The other member-exhibitors are David Alison, John Duncan—who, in addition to his usual Celtic studies, has several very interesting little landscapes—H. J. Lintott, and Sir John Lavery. Of the guests may be mentioned William MacTaggart, who shows two rhythmic and exuberant landscapes, and Archibald M'Glashan, with two magnificently painted heads of children. Four of the pictures exhibited are shown on page 107.

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Dr. Abraham Flexner appears to be one of the few critics of modern education who is prepared to commit himself to constructive experiments. Not only has the Lincoln School been founded in America on the principles which he outlined for a model secondary school, but a model university has also

come into existence under his control. It was founded in 1930 as the Institute for Advanced Study, and has recently gained enormously in prestige by acquiring the services of Professor Einstein. To anyone familiar with Dr. Flexner's criticisms of universities—from which our English variety by no means escape—the main principles of the new Institute will not seem strange. Especially he deplores the combination of a college and a graduate school, wherein as he has written 'the atmosphere of youthful sport and the thin air of thought are supposed simultaneously to envelop campus, class-room and laboratory'. Consequently all undergraduates are banished from the Institute, which is intended to provide a centre for advanced scholars, men and women of every race and creed, where they can pursue their studies undistracted by teaching, social, or sporting activities. Furthermore, there is no curriculum in the usual sense. The subjects studied depend upon the men available. If, for example, Professor Einstein were, after a time, to go elsewhere, Dr. Flexner would not seek out another mathematical physicist merely to have that subject on his books. No venerable or palatial buildings have as yet arisen to embody these conceptions. For two years one office in a Forty-Second street skyscraper in New York was the only mark of the Institute's existence. Now there are modest premises in Princeton, New Jersey, which, since the Institute has been generously endowed by two Americans, Mrs. Fuld and Mr. Banberger, will no doubt grow according to demand. Dr. Flexner believes that a university exists more in its personnel than in its buildings. The principal criticism of the Institute seems to be that it has solved the major problems of a modern university by a rigid process of exclusion. What is left when undergraduates, with their football stadiums, fraternities and schools of business have been removed, is one specialised section of a university, something not greatly different from the Rockefeller Institute. Clearly Dr. Flexner has in mind an intermediate institution, probably to be called a College, and we hope that he may one day provide a model for this too.

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Lately one correspondent in our columns has taken another to task for speaking of the 'sadism' of the fox-hunter. 'A sportsman is an artist', he declares. It is interesting that this point should have been raised, for it has already been observed by so good an artist as Mr. Wyndham Lewis. In drawing an analogy between the sportsman and the artist, Mr. Lewis speaks of the English 'sporting attitude' as 'a great practical contribution to human life'. It rests, he says, upon 'a humorous (an artistic or a philosophic) acknowledgment of our grotesque and prodigious limitations'. But with the sense of our limitations is mixed a surprise that we can actually achieve so much. Consequently from all sports a man may derive some sense of glory, and in the extreme forms which demand that he should deliberately court danger—for the Spaniard bull-fighting, for the Englishman fox-hunting or mountain-climbing—a satisfaction may be derived not unlike that of the artist in his art. As a result, the sportsman *qua* sportsman does not understand the charge of cruelty (such as Mr. H. W. Nevinson brought against him in his letter last week), though if you appeal to him on humanitarian grounds he will probably agree with you. Too often, however, he is led to defend his sport on purely specious grounds. He will tell you that the fox is vermin and that it is a benefit conferred upon the farmer to hunt him down; and as for the fox, he has a good chance of escape thrown into the bargain. Any resolute humanitarian will deal with such an argument as it deserves. The weakness, of course, lies in mixing a set of values which are ethical with another set of values which are certainly not ethical, but more akin to the æsthetic. And in art too the same confusion frequently occurs. As it applies to sport, the problem still remains for serious consideration; though it is interesting to note that Professor Alexander, in his National Lecture the other day, talked of the admixture of the billiard-player or cricketer with his materials—bat, cue or ball—as comparable with the admixture of the creative artist with *his* materials—bronze, stone, or paint. Yet for centuries the bull-fight has nourished the chivalrous idealism of Spain and of Provence, and fox-hunting and cricket have played an important part in our own national life. Is not this a problem worthy of the philosopher's consideration?



## Foreign Affairs

# France and Germany Try to Talk Things Over

By VERNON BARTLETT

THE situation is brighter today than it has been at any time since Herr Hitler ordered his delegates to leave Geneva last October. I got myself into some trouble then for suggesting that in the long run this move of Hitler's might be a good thing because it would bring us up against realities. I think it has done so, for it is doubtful whether the French would otherwise have gone as far as they have done in the memorandum they sent to Berlin a fortnight ago. You will remember that Germany left the League because she was tired of waiting for that equality which had been promised her a year ago. She did not ask for the same armaments strength as other nations, but she did ask for the same rights. And she wanted those rights to be granted at once. She still wants them.

Under the British Draft Convention which Mr. MacDonald put before the Disarmament Conference in March, smaller arms, considered useful only for defence, would not be limited in number for anybody. Some of them are not particularly small because they include tanks up to 16 tons, and a tank of 15½ tons is not the sort of vehicle one would wish to meet on a dark night, or still less in the broad light of day. At present Germany has only a strictly limited number of some of these smaller weapons, and none at all of others. If she is to be given equality, she must quite obviously have the same chance of defending herself as other countries. If we don't like the idea that Germany should manufacture as many of these weapons as she likes, we must agree only to have a limited number ourselves, and Germany will accept a similar limitation. At least, Herr Hitler promised to do so in the speech announcing that he was going to leave the League. While Germany confines her demands to those weapons which our own and other experts declare are mainly useful for defence, she cannot be said to want to rearm in a dangerous sense. Or if we do think that her demands are dangerous, the only just remedy would be that we should all agree to limit our own means of defence—agree, for example, that tanks up to 16 tons are not essential for our protection.

This is where the French note to Germany is so promising. By offering to destroy half the French military air force, M. Chautemps is not meeting the German demand for equality (since he does not suggest that Germany should be allowed to have any military aeroplanes herself), but he does take a step towards limiting the amount of German rearmament that will be necessary, now or later, to give her equality. For the French Government points out that this offer is meant to lead to the complete abolition of the military air force of France. If other countries would also agree that military air forces must be abolished—and many of them have already done so—the German claim to have a military air force for purposes of defence would automatically disappear.

The subject is as involved as any which faces statesmen today. But I think it amounts to this. Sooner or later Germany is going to get her equality. It is to our interest that when she does so she should not be too fully armed. There are certain weapons which are particularly dangerous. In our case the bombing aeroplane obviously comes at the head of the list because, in the event of a war, it would make life even more difficult for us on these islands than the submarines did in the last War. We can prevent Germany from being too strongly armed, partly by limiting the number of defensive weapons that are to be allowed to every country, and partly by limiting the classes of weapons that are called defensive. All those that are not defensive have to be destroyed, and the French offer, if it leads to the destruction of military air forces, ought to be a very valuable one indeed.

Germany has shown no enthusiasm about the French offer. Why not? Does this mean that she wants the Disarmament Conference to fail, so that she can go ahead and build up as big a military machine as possible? Some people believe it does; I believe most definitely that it does not, if only because Herr Hitler knows he has not the money to win in an armaments race. I believe that the German lack of enthusiasm is due mainly to the fact that France would still like to post-

pone this grant of equality which Germany wants at once. Last October Germany left the Disarmament Conference because the other Powers wanted to retain their present military strength, including weapons that are useful mainly for attack, for four years, during which period Germany would not be allowed to manufacture those weapons which are useful mainly for defence. The French offer changes the situation to this degree—it is much less definite about the period during which Germany would not be allowed to have the larger weapons of defence, and it does propose the immediate destruction of some of the weapons of attack in the possession of the other countries. One has only to read the Paris newspapers to realise that M. Chautemps has made a courageous effort to reach a compromise, but his offer will not be accepted by Germany, for the fairly simple reason that it still postpones the day when the German Government may begin manufacturing those weapons which other countries look upon as defensive, but which were forbidden to Germany by the Versailles treaty.

Besides, there are important indications that Germany, like France, is in a mood to make compromises. She has apparently agreed that the Nazi Storm Troops shall come under the same sort of control as the ordinary German Army, and this is a point to which the French attach a great deal of importance. Of course, Herr Hitler cannot press a button and disband all those Storm Troopers who have helped to bring him into power. It is probable that they will be a source of trouble in any disarmament discussions for some time to come. As far as I can find out the French themselves realise this difficulty and would not be unreasonable about it. One of their suggestions is that the Storm Troops might gradually be turned into a police force, since many of the present police are not Nazis, and might not be so loyal to the Nazi Government as the Storm Troopers. Also there ought to be room for a compromise between the French claim that the German Army should consist of 200,000 men and the German claim that it should consist of 300,000.

The other day I saw a cartoon in a French paper showing Hitler and Marianne, the woman who is always drawn to represent Republican France, sitting at a tea-table. They are interrupted by a newspaper reporter, who asks whether they are having conversations. No, they reply indignantly, all they are doing is having a discussion to see if they can talk things over. That represents more or less the state of the negotiations at the present time. The French and the German Governments are exchanging documents to find out whether they are near enough to agreement to meet to talk things over. It seems rather depressing that the Disarmament Conference, which began with so much pomp and circumstance almost exactly two years ago, should have come down to this. But things might be very much worse. I do not believe that there is now a single very grave obstacle in the way of a Franco-German agreement, except this demand of Germany's, that she must have equality of rights at once, and the French demand that this equality must be postponed until the system of control has been tried out and has proved successful. Even that difficulty ought not to be insuperable, since the weapons which Germany demands now are those which, being defensive, are anyhow to be granted to her a little later on. And the French have shown the way to lessen the extent of this inevitable German rearmament by suggesting that more types of weapons should in future be looked upon as offensive rather than defensive, and therefore earmarked for ultimate destruction. Germany demands the same power to defend herself as the other countries. If we want a disarmament convention we cannot deny her that power, but we can limit that power by limiting our own weapons of defence. If the French example with regard to military air forces is followed by the other heavily armed countries, we shall find that the amount of rearmament to be granted to Germany ceases to be alarming, and once it does cease to be alarming, the French claim that it must be postponed may disappear.

On page 94 will be found editorial reference to the votes which Mr. Bartlett has received as a result of his talk last week.





Houses on the old bridge at Ningpo, 'the City of the Peaceful Wave', where modern western civilisation has scarcely yet penetrated

E.N.A.

## The Far East—II

# Cities of China

By LADY HOSIE

I WANT you to come with me on a Magic Bird's wings, over Belgium and Germany and Poland, over the vast tracts of Russia and Siberia; let us drop down through China, leaving untouched for the time being all the well-known places like Peking, Tientsin, Hankow, Nanking, Shanghai, down the China coast, looking down upon the charming islands and the fishing fleets sailing the Yellow Sea, thick and turbid with silt below us, and make our first stop at Ningpo, whose name means City of the Peaceful Wave. In all those other cities, European and American influence and modern usages in the way of trams, trains, telephone posts, electric standards, are plain to see. Here in Ningpo, you can begin the real China, where but few of these modern improvements are found. The well-to-do family houses are still of the old kind, single-storey for the most part, built inside a whitewashed surrounding wall with a square courtyard in the centre, and a man on guard at the gate. Here the women still wear their black hair smooth and straight and not bobbed or waved as in Shanghai. The babies have their heads shaved, except for a little round penny piece in the middle of the crown which is plaited to stick straight up, with a red wool tuft.

I was born in Ningpo, and my first nurse was a Chinese *ahma* who wore the blue cotton tunic and blue cotton trousers common to all Chinese working women. Girls wear trousers in China till they marry, and then they can wear skirts if they like: but they usually prefer to go back to trousers, or nowadays wear a long straight tunic, of elegant cut and fine silk—rayon silk often, if you please! Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and though Ahma loved me dearly, she could not admire my high European nose and always regretted that it was not a nice

flat Chinese one, which, of course, Chinese people much prefer to our variety. But a much more important person than myself was born at Ningpo; namely, Chiang Kai Shek, President of the Chinese Republic and Generalissimo of the Nationalist armies. At present he is having a stiff fight with the Communists in the province to his west, Kiangsi, and will have to face also the revolt in the province to the south, Fukien, whose name rather ironically means the Happily Established Province. He has been giving broadcast lectures on military subjects to his colonels and other officers. But when he wants to get away from all this modern progress, when he receives any signal honour or suffers some bereavement, he goes back to his unsophisticated ancestral home near Ningpo and tells his ancestors all about it. No, that is not quite a fair way of putting it. He goes to immerse himself again, so to speak, in the affection and traditions of his family circle, just as we were all doing at Christmastide, and to lay his honours at their feet. In China, however, that circle includes the dead as well as the living; their ghostly presences somehow linger round the tablets set up in their names, and they can appreciate incense and homage.

But let us leave Ningpo, even its wide rice plains, and its merchants grown rich in Shanghai, and penetrate still further into the unchanged China. I only stay a few days or hours in Ningpo, and am a traveller through it, whereas I want you now to be a dweller in a Chinese city along with me. So down the coast again, twisting about more beautiful islands, where honest fishermen dwell with their families, in dark little wooden homes, as well as the pirates of which you hear in the papers, up a wide river: a real Chinese city comes in sight,



with a high stone wall round it, built to keep out those pirates and also to hold up the many armies which from the dawn of time have fought and marauded in China. Five miles round goes the wall, twenty feet high, with a broad fifteen-foot walk on the top, and its crenellations attractive with ferns and, presently, spring violets. Here is the jetty and a crowd of Chinese on it; even before the steamer moors, coolies are leaping violently up the ship's sides, porters grabbing at the luggage of the third-class passengers, in furious competition



Wenchow is honeycombed with canals which, though useful and picturesque, are most insanitary—

with each other. The noise is incredible. Everyone bellows at the top of a good strong voice; and yet here in Wenchow they think they talk quietly compared with the Ningpoese. Better quarrel with us than joke with a Ningpoese, they have as a proverb. He will shout you down, they mean. Huge fire-crackers go off, to welcome you and me, and add to the din. Then into sedan-chairs, lifted high on to willing men's shoulders—a pig scrapes along the bottom of your chair and is kicked off by the man behind—through the rather squalid suburb and in at the city gate. This looks low and small compared with the high wall: the great wooden gates, centuries old, with huge ancient locks and bolts, will be shut a couple of hours after sun-down and hardly any power on earth will open them till sun-up. Immediately in front of you comes a blank piece of eight-foot wall, painted with the character for Happiness, very large and well done, and the wall has turned-up corners. What is it for? This is a spirit wall, for old China still believes that many evil spirits are floating in the air, which naturally would like to live in such a fine city as theirs. A spirit might contrive to get in through the city gate, so this wall is put there to keep him from flying at will straight up the rich main street. If he flies high, he may hit on the upturned eaves and be shot into space; if not, he is turned sideways by the wall up a smaller, less important street, and presently there he meets another wall which shoots him out neatly at the east or the west gate.

Next, an overpowering smell. What can it be? It is only drying salt fish this time: pungent in any country. Up in Taiyüanfu, where I would like to take you next, is a vinegar factory. The Chinese speak of 'hearing' smells, and these powerful odours do seem to affect several senses. The next smell is of boiling fat, and here is a nice cheery little old man who gives you a kind friendly nod from his black eyes—Chinese hair and eyes are black and Chinese people do not and cannot at bottom really admire our looks or our odd and differing colours of hair and eyes. He is cooking away over an iron pan set on a brazier, frying meat patties for the fish-porters. His fat is mahogany coloured because it is the oil of the tea-berry which turns that colour with heat.

Now the chair-bearers are getting up speed, though you cannot think how they are going to force a way up the narrow street, which is all pavement and no roadway. '*Chieh kuang!* *Chieh kuang!*' they cry—meaning, 'I borrow your light', or 'Please get out of my light!' Coolies elbow the chair to get

past. Streaming with sweat, they come almost running, for a man can carry a greater burden if he trots and lets the burden give him an impetus. They have a pole over the shoulder, with a basket at each end, weighing heavily with beautiful unhusked rice on its way to be milled. The next set of porters carry something that raises a most dreadful smell, and you find it is the scavengers. They are carrying through the streets at all hours of the day buckets of human sewage collected from the open cesspools in the side-streets, and from the houses.

It is being carried out preciously to the fields and market gardens outside the city for manure. That is why Europeans in the East take great care to know where their vegetables come from, and prefer not to eat raw vegetables.

But the High Street is very alluring, after these have passed and you have recovered your breath. Chinese writing runs downwards, not across like ours; so the shops have their signboards hanging down by their doors, not across the top; large wooden signs, rather like our inn-signs, but often of beautifully lacquered wood, with great gilt characters announcing in florid language that such and such a shop is the Fountain of Golden Wealth. A blacksmith is making a pleasant ting-ting-ting up a side-street; you can just catch sight of him hammering an iron kettle; and his sign says, 'The Three Righteous Harmonies'.

I heard of a Eurasian girl who visited England. 'What are the English streets like?' her friends asked her on her return. 'Oh, very dull!' she said. 'Everyone keeps their doors and windows shut, and you can't see what the family is doing. As for the shops, they put a few things in the window, and that is all you can see from the street'. Here in this City of South

China, a few new brick stores have shot up, of several storeys and with plate-glass windows, but the old comfortable open-fronted shops remain; and at noon you can see the owner with his men and apprentices sitting together about a tall red square table in front of the counter with a large bowl of stewed pork or fish in the middle, each one with his own bowl which he fills with boiled white rice from a great steaming wooden bucket. He dips his chopsticks into the common middle bowl and puts what he picks up on to his own rice and eats away; and very nice it all looks and smells—perhaps a bit too much garlic for our finicky taste. The women have



—and the stagnant water may not be disturbed for fear of offending the spirits of air and water

Photographs by the Author

cooked it, and they will eat presently together by themselves in a room that you can see just behind, but they too will keep an eye on what is passing while they eat.

Our city is honeycombed with canals; in other parts of China water is very scarce, and the people use wheelbarrows, not boats, or carrying-poles for their goods and traffic. The absence of trains, trams or motors means that human beings, boats or mules must carry everything. Once I went on a little pony to explore another Chinese city, where I was to dwell—Taiyüanfu, seven or eight hundred miles away. He was wiser



than I. He heard a platoon of wheelbarrows coming down the very narrow defile between high banks that served as a road there. He promptly leaped out of the way on to a ledge half way up the bank, and cleverly kept me balanced there, while I looked perilously down on to a file of twenty or so barrow-men, staggering, wheeling, shoving over the unmade road, pushing terribly heavy loads of coal. Their barrow pins, though greased and re-greased, shrieked a loud shrill note that had warned him. But those canals in my southern city, though useful and picturesque, are most insanitary, and it is a pity they do not shriek a warning note. The women wash their clothes and vegetables in them, the tired men their hot feet in summer, the melon vendors wash their melons, then cut them, keep them exposed, sprinkle water over them, and the flies do the rest. Every few years cholera sweeps through the city and two to three thousand of our hundred thousand population die in a couple of weeks. When the city was originally built, the canals contained running water, managed through sluices. These canals could easily be joined up with the fresh large canal outside the city. 'Why not do this?' my father asked two friends of his, Christian deacons and members of the newly-formed municipal council. 'We drew up a fine scheme, and it would have cost very little', they answered:

'but our city councillors would not hear of it. They said we should be disturbing the spirits of air and water. 'What, pray', they said, 'would become of the luck of the city?' So the canals remain stagnant and cholera struck down its thousands last summer. It is not, however, in China alone that obstructionist policies sometimes prevail. I tell you this tale so that you may be moved to sympathy with thoughtful progressive Chinese who have so many difficulties to face. 'It is like fighting a large feather-bed to get anything done', said one student versed in western ways of health. And yet we hope they will never do away with the charm of Old China which made its own tremendous contributions to civilisation in its day, which gave us tea, porcelain, silk and a new appreciation of beauty.

I have not had time to take you to view the glories of historic Peking—and it is glorious—the mills of Hankow, the lakeside attractions of Hangchow, the new city being born at Nanking, the tremendous industries and crowds of Canton, the more than half-foreign streets of Shanghai. All of these places are of extreme interest and importance. Their influence—which comes originally from you who live in Western cities—is bound to break down the sluice-gates of Old China in time, and bring fresh streams of thought. But I know that with me you wish well to all the two thousand cities of China.

'Anywhere for a News Story'

## Tragi-Comedy in a News Correspondent's Life

By RALPH D. BLUMENFELD

IT will soon be half a century ago since, as a youthful special correspondent for the *New York Herald*, then one of the world's most enterprising newspapers, I was hurriedly sent into the Valley of Death to report the scenes attendant on a yellow fever epidemic in New Orleans, where people were dying by dozens in the streets and the authorities were unable to cope with the ravages of that terrible scourge. I had been to a 'first night' at New York, and returned to my newspaper office, evening dress, opera hat and all, to write my little criticism. As I entered, the Night Editor cried out: 'Don't bother to write. Tell us about it while you change your clothes. We have got your bag here. You are taking the midnight train for New Orleans. You will probably be all right there, but if we do not hear at the end of two days we will know that you have died, and will send someone else. But if you manage to survive, try and appoint a likely substitute on the spot, so that you can come home again; someone who is immune, and then we shall be happier. You may like to know that Flaxman and Albertson both failed (which meant that two predecessors on the job had died of the fever) and if you get through you might have their things fumigated and send them home to us here. Hurry up and don't give in!'

### Before the Days of Speedy Communication

I need not say that I did not like this cold-blooded way of giving me the assignment, nor did I like the assignment itself, but then if I had weakened I knew that my career as a journalist was ended; so I undertook the 1,500 mile-journey to New Orleans and saw the thing through. A gruesome job with lots of scope for description. In those days, the mid-'eighties, there was always more room than now in the newspapers for heart-string-pulling details and gruesome recitals. We do those things differently today. In the first place, yellow fever has been shorn of its terrors by the simple process of destroying the larvæ beds of the mosquitoes which carry the germs; a generous sprinkling of paraffin on the stagnant pools and swamps and a more intelligent system of sanitation in those dank, hot, oppressive tropical towns and villages. Further, the methods of communication have so improved in the decades that have passed that it would be considered folly to grab a young dramatic critic from his task to send him on a two-day

journey to report scenes which can now be got at by long-distance telephone in a few minutes, while aeroplanes are ready to take photographers, correspondents, and reporters at a rapid flying pace. We would now ring up the Mayor of New Orleans or the Chief of Police or the head of the Sanitation Department, and in five minutes gain all the information necessary for immediate use.

### Buying a Steamer to Send a Message

When I returned that time from New Orleans, after ten days of indescribable scenes, I was considered to be immune, and so they hustled me down to Havana where yellow fever was as bad, if not worse. Here, too, the difference between then and now was marked. The ship that took me to the Cuban capital would not go in; so I had to bribe a scratch crew to row me ashore, and their fee was pretty heavy. I carried my bag to the hotel, and the reception clerk collapsed at the desk as I entered. He died that day. The bedroom that was assigned to me had just been vacated by a guest whose dead body was carried out to be deposited in a waiting tumbrel. There was difficulty in getting my despatches through to my paper without delay owing to the fact that the cable office had suffered heavy losses in personnel, and the place was choked with unsent telegrams. Nowadays we should be able to manage wireless communications of some sort or other. But there was no Marconi enterprise in those days, so I just had to buy a small steamer which carried my despatches across to Key West in Florida, there to be forwarded by the Western Union Telegraph. It was a clumsy way of doing it, this carting despatches across so many miles of sea, but it managed to beat the telegraph, until after the fourth day my entire steamship crew of nine men either died or dropped out and I had to fall back on the crippled telegraph office.

The days of romance continue to renew themselves, but the machinery of romance, if I may so describe it, has undergone astonishing alteration. The war correspondent today has at his command numerous scientific aids which were undreamed of in times gone by. The late Henry Labouchère sent his despatches about the Commune in Paris out of the beleaguered city by means of a balloon, trusting to Providence that their deliverance would come safely and quickly. If, for instance,



London were besieged today, it would be extremely difficult for the enemy to prevent us from broadcasting to the whole world not only our defiance, but news of our daily doings, including the news of the Stock Exchange and its quotations, and, say, the latest football scores, for I take it that though the Stock Exchange itself might be closed, there would still be football matches, even on empty stomachs. At any rate, Broadcasting House would be one of the last of British institutions to shut down; wherefore there would be no necessity for aeroplanes or balloon exits in order to 'tell the world'.

### Comic-Opera War in Haiti

I had occasion many years ago to take part in a military action down in Haiti, the black republic of the West Indies, where it would have been exceedingly useful if I could have had at my disposal even an indifferent accessory of radio service. I had, as usual, been hustled off at an hour's notice to proceed to that particular danger spot. *Légitime*, the amiable flute-playing black President of the Republic, had quarrelled with his principal minister, General Hyppolite, an equally ebony-hued patriot. Needless to say, the quarrel, as it always is in these revolutionary hotbeds, was about money. Hyppolite craved the possession of a million dollars lying loose and tantalisingly in the public treasury at Port-au-Prince, the capital of the Republic. He wanted the money to buy trousers and jackets for his ten thousand soldiers who were uniformed in coffee sacking; not very picturesque, though perhaps serviceable. They had no boots, and, of course, needed none. Incidentally, the officers of the army were dressed like St. Cyr dandies, most exquisitely. But President *Légitime* had other ideas about the million. And so they quarrelled and Hyppolite took his army into the Voodoo-infested interior and staged a revolt. Thereupon, as outside agitators were helping the rebel with money and supplies, *Légitime* declared a blockade of his own ports and laid violent hands on a Boston Fruit Company steamer. That is where Uncle Sam came in, and my activity was directed. It was too late for me to obtain official permission to sail in the punitive squadron of warships which set sail from the Brooklyn Navy Yard on a Thursday afternoon. We had only heard of its secret preparations that noon, so that I smuggled myself aboard the flagship as a stowaway, and only declared myself by appearing before the officer of the watch after we had got to sea outside Sandy Hook. The Admiral professed to be furious; read me a salty lecture on the iniquity of stealing aboard, and then invited me to finish the cruise as a guest in his quarters. I pass over the farce of the demand outside Port-au-Prince for the return of the sequestered fruit steamer; of the apology publicly rendered by a 100-gun salute; of interchange of courtesies between the President and the Admiral and Staff; and of my personal participation that night in the defence of the city when Hyppolite appeared outside and attacked the capital. His Excellency President *Légitime* bade me an affectionate farewell at the palace—a rakish looking affair—went to the Treasury and gathered in the million dollars, went on board the French cruiser *Destaing*, lying in the harbour, craved and obtained sanctuary, and steamed gaily off to France, where in the sunshine and ease of Paris he continued to live for many years a contented and not too poor an exile.

### Hyppolite Helps to Make the Scoop

Meanwhile I went back to the lines where the fighting was fast and furious, and in the words of the old song, 'Great numbers were falling before they were hit to be sure that no one was killed'. Here I encountered a heavily built opéra-bouffe-looking field-marshal who asked me if I knew who was commanding there. Greatly daring, for he was Hyppolite, I wrongfully claimed that honour, and in the name of the sadly-missed President *Légitime* I surrendered the post to him. It was a great 'scoop', but I had no means of flashing my news bulletin of the breaking of the blockade, the flight of the President, or the surrender of the city, for there was no chance of communicating with the outside world. I appealed to the American Admiral to lend me a gunboat to carry me to the mainland. He

would not give it, for he was taking his ships further down into the Caribbean Sea for big gun practice and could not spare a ship. I asked the Commander of a British gunboat lying in the harbour to be so good as to lend me his spick-and-span and beautiful little vessel all glistening in the sun with a red marine on the bridge marching up and down as if he were on parade at Portsmouth, but the Commander, R.N., merely looked at me, as we say in Essex, 'old-fashioned like' and shook his head. Then I appealed to President Hyppolite to take a hand and help me to let the whole world into our secret, and that doughty and dusky dictator said in very local French; *Oui, monsieur*, take just whatever you like. You can have the flagship, the *Fifteenth of May*. So I went to the Haitian naval headquarters and found the fleet tied up at a pier. The flagship was an old Glasgow penny steamer, probably seaworthy and beautifully clean, with a couple of Admirals-of-the-Fleet in charge, both very black, and a Glaswegian chief engineer who had as many if not more stripes on him than Lords Beatty and Jellicoe together. Off we sailed, and after various vicissitudes I had the satisfaction of seeing my 'scoop' printed within three days of the occurrence.

The newspapers and the world in general have much to be grateful for to Senatore Marconi. His invention has added enormously to the value of the news-gathering machinery of the Press. The change that has been brought about in the methods of news-gathering is miraculous. Actually the Press of today is a hundred-fold more efficient in so far as its capacity for garnering the news is concerned. These considerations, however, apply to almost all other callings, so that the Press is not necessarily singular in its advantages. But in the Press the change is more marked, more apparent. Gone are the days when a special correspondent went out with a cartridge-belt and a water-bottle strapped round his person hoping for luck in the form of quick facilities in reaching his paper with whatever news might come his way. The days of adventure are certainly not dead, but they have harnessed to them the gadgets of science, mechanism and invention to make sure that no time shall be lost in presentation.

### Where the Sinai Codex was Found



The monastery of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai, where Dr. Tischendorf discovered the Codex in 1844, and whence it was removed for presentation to the Tsar Alexander II—one of the illustrations to the printed appeal issued this week by the British Museum on behalf of the fund for purchasing the Codex. Editorial reference will be found on page 94



# Economics in a Changing World

By Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL

## The Wheat Surplus and its Effects

IT IS NOT WITHOUT a certain cynicism that I read some news in a document issued by the International Institute of Agriculture on the subject of world wheat production. Thanks to the fine season and to the effect of subsidies and protective measures, the crops in a number of European countries have been the largest for several years. Amongst these countries are Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Holland and Czechoslovakia. The wheat production for 1933 of these and one or two other European countries which import wheat from the overseas countries is returned as being 1,258 million bushels; in 1932 the figure was 1,207 million bushels; in 1930 that figure was 915 million bushels. Here we have a rise of 343 million bushels in the production of wheat in the countries which provide the market for the export surplus from the great overseas wheat-growing countries of North America, the Argentine and Australia.

A good many weeks ago I told you that the Argentine crop this year was a heavy one, and it has in fact risen to 256 million bushels, but in North America and Australia there has been restriction, and the total quantity of wheat available for sale on the world market has come down to 1,105 million bushels. This figure in normal times would not be very much above a marketable quantity. If the wheat-exporting countries could hope to sell this export surplus, such an event, as the report points out, would have a very stimulating effect on the international wheat market, and wheat is such a key commodity that a recovery here would have important results in other directions. But no such event seems likely. The increase in the European crops means that the world's requirements in the international market are at present about 525 million bushels, to meet which there is an export surplus, as I mentioned just now, of 1,105 million bushels. Put quite simply, there appear to be two bushels of wheat in North and South America and Australia hoping to get into a European stomach whose owner only needs to buy one bushel.

Let us follow up the consequences of this situation. First of all, is it likely to be permanent? On that point one can only say that it seems unlikely that in the next few years the European importing countries are going to throw their domestic markets open to cheap overseas wheat—or other agricultural produce, for that matter—which they can grow at home. The continental countries, notably France and Germany, have in the past few years taken great precautions to protect their home agriculture. In Great Britain we are pursuing the same objective.

Were I a Canadian I should not feel very hopeful as to the future prospects of selling large quantities of wheat to Europe. I would turn my eye on China, observing that my Australian cousins have also been looking into that market, but after all, the hope that China might one day become a large wheat-importing country is a very long-distance ideal. Very well, then, what is our Canadian to do about this situation, observing that for decades he has built railways and grain elevators, set up banks, ploughed up land, cleared forests, on the assumption that he would be able to sell an ever-increasing quantity of wheat abroad? Surely he will say, 'Very well. If the world will not buy our wheat, Canada must make herself self-contained. She must develop and expand her industries. Some of the Europeans do not like the feeling of being predominantly industrial and importers of cheap food; nor do we Canadians like the feeling of being predominantly farmers and importers of cheap manufactured goods'.

## Unemployment Facts and Figures

YOU MAY RECOLLECT that some weeks ago we invited the economic world to put its tongue out and we discussed various methods by which one could attempt to form some opinion as to the state of the body economic. One of the symptoms of distress is the unemployment figure; but how many of us really understand what these figures mean, say, in Great Britain?

Mr. Dale, a member of the staff of the Ministry of Labour, read a paper before the Royal Statistical Society last month which will shortly appear in the journal of that learned body. His paper is an eye-opener. In fact, I am told that the extremely obvious facts which he stresses in his paper have proved so surprising and interesting to many people who are not

statisticians that his paper may be published as a separate pamphlet.

Can you deny that most of us think of the unemployed as a special class of industrial workers who are surplus to the needs of industry and permanently out of work? The monthly figures give this impression unless they are, as Mr. Dale observes with gentle irony, 'attentively read'. We watch these monthly figures with anxiety as they go up and down and we observe that for a long time about two million people have been 'wholly unemployed'. Does this mean that they are unemployed in the fullest sense of the word, wholly and permanently, surplus to industry, innocent parasites on the rest of the community? It does not. True that on the day when the count is made each month something in the region of two million men and women are at the moment unemployed, but the important point to remember is, that in that total may be one man who has been out of work for a day, another who has been out of work for a month, and another who has not had a job for a year. There is a constant change month by month in the personnel of the unemployed. Of those unemployed on a particular day about a million have been on the register for less than a month and over 1,300,000 for less than three months, whilst under 500,000 have been unemployed for a year or more. Nearly 6,000,000 different persons are unemployed and therefore claim benefit or transitional payments in the course of a year, but of these 6,000,000, 5,500,000 have had some work during the year.

On the other hand, beware of forming too optimistic an impression from that fact I have just mentioned—I used the words 'some work'. It may be a month or more months' of employment. There are therefore two kinds of unemployment. First, what Mr. Dale describes as 'intermittent'; secondly, the 'hard core' of the long-time unemployed, and it is the latter which is such a serious and tragic problem. These long-service members of the army of workless have been growing in number since 1930. From July, 1932, to July, 1933, the number of men who had been out of work for over a year increased from 364,000 to 459,000. I understand from a note Mr. Dale has kindly sent me that later figures are 'slightly encouraging'. Of course here again we must remember that a very small amount of work would remove a man from the worst category and yet leave him in a desperate position. The 'hard core' of unemployment is unevenly distributed over the country. Coal-mining, shipbuilding and iron and steel contribute many workers to the hard core. An illustration will show how the situation varies from place to place. Let us take two towns in Great Britain. Town X is a depressed coal-mining town and Town Y is a comparatively prosperous place. On a recent date there were 3,700 registered unemployed in the Town of X and 1,400 in the town of Y. But the coal-mining figures included 2,500 men who had been out of work for over a year, whilst the number of similar unfortunates in the more prosperous town of Y was only 117.

I must leave Mr. Dale's extremely interesting analysis of the unemployment figures with the remark that I have had to leave much unsaid, especially in connection with his analysis of the unemployed who are dealt with by the method of out-door relief through the Local Authorities, in the course of which he explodes a number of popular beliefs.

The general impressions left on my mind after studying this analysis of our unemployment figures, are:

- (a) The extreme importance of these statistics as determining factors in making plans and policies, say in such matters as public works, as a means of relieving unemployment.
- (b) The great care which is needed in the interpretation of statistics and the especial danger that arises when certain parts of a statistical situation are quoted by themselves perhaps because they sound dramatic and make a good story.
- (c) The problem of 'intermittent employment' seems to me to be the problem of the mal-distribution of leisure.

Now that we are hearing and reading so much about planning in this changing world, statistics are obviously going to be more and more essential, for to make plans on an inadequate statistical basis is to go to sea without compass, chart, sextant or chronometer. Such 'knob-to-knob' navigation is likely to put the ship of state on the rocks. I ought to explain that knob-to-knob navigation means creeping along the coast from one headland to the next.

One final dip into the bran-tub of economic events. On January 1 the adoption of the metric system was made compulsory throughout Turkey! Do you think we should be well advised to adopt this reform? You can have a fine argument about that.



*The Weather House—II*

# The Ground Floor

By R. A. WATSON WATT

WE need not look for the front door of the Weather House; we are inside now; we have been crawling about on the floor all our lives. This floor, the surface of the earth, has some very important features in connection with weather-making. First we remember again that the Weather House is spinning like a top; that changes the go of things very much. Secondly, we remember that the floor is partly land and partly—indeed mainly—water; the Weather House is one of these ultra-modern places where the swimming-pools are excessively large and important. Thirdly, the floor is far from smooth; in our dolls' house model Mount Everest projects an inch from the dome of St. Paul's, Mont Blanc half an inch, Ben Nevis a mere sixth of an inch. But much smaller projections than these make vast differences to the run of the weather, especially to rain-making.

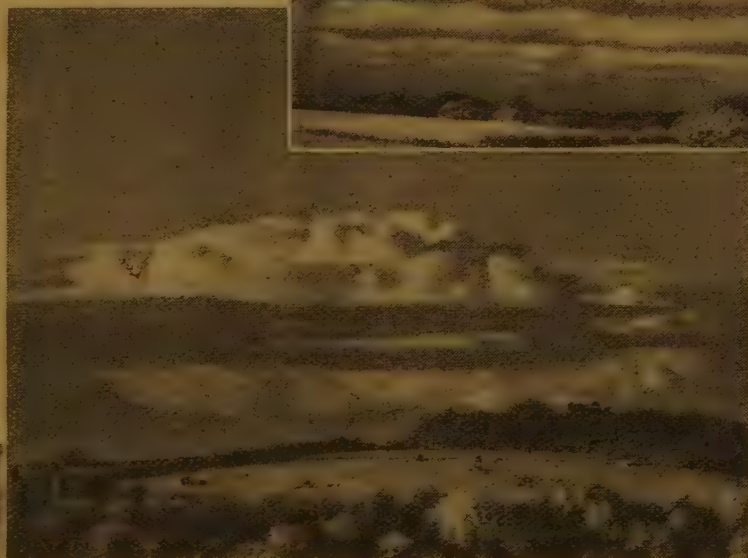
Lastly, the floor of the Weather House, like the floor of a Roman villa, is the heating surface for the whole ground floor. I hope this statement hasn't startled anyone, I am sure my next one will. But it is desperately important to our understanding of the weather. It is this: The sun's rays are not hot. Can I convince the doubters of this fact? There are two other slogans that will help. They are: Wireless waves are not loud, and: We are all wireless receivers.

Of course you believe the bit about wireless waves; you know that you don't hear wireless at all until the waves have fallen on a receiver, which has to be tuned to them, and which is there for the express purpose of turning their inaudible burden into audible sound. Well then, the Weather House is an all-electric house which takes its heat supply from the great powerhouse of the Sun. And it takes its supply by wireless. The sun's rays are wireless waves; very-short-wave wireless in-

deed, the wavelengths are a thousand-millionth or so of those to which you tune in to listen to a broadcast programme, but don't worry about that figure, just remember that they are very short. Now the really exciting thing is our remaining slogan: We are all wireless receivers. The wireless waves from the Solar Regional Station, falling on us, lie within our own tuning range, and we *feel* their programme directly, as warmth. The floor of the Weather House is a wireless receiver too, it turns the wireless waves of sun-rays into warmth. Dry air, on the other hand, isn't tuned to wavelengths anywhere near these, and so it does not get itself



Strato-cumulus



Cumulo-nimbus and stratus in front



Valley fog

The clouds which are formed by the processes discussed in this article assume shapes which differ very much according to the vigour of the processes and the levels at which cloud-making occurs. This cloud staircase shows representative types from the valley fog formed at ground level to the cirrus which forms near the ground floor ceiling and at heights of six miles or so

(Listeners will find it useful to have these pictures before them for Mr. Watson Watt's next talk)  
Photographs: C. J. P. Cave

warmed by the Solar Regional programme. Water-vapour in the air is a wireless receiver, but it is tuned to longer waves than Solar Regional.

Now here is a new and rather tricky point, but quite easy if you take it quietly: We are all wireless transmitters. Every warm material sends out wireless waves of this heat-producing kind, and the hotter the material the shorter are the waves which convey its main programme. So—and I promise not to weave this wireless web any further than this point—the earth is not merely a wireless receiver, very flatly tuned to the short-wave solar programme, but it is a relay station taking in the short waves and sending out longer waves in exchange. And these longer waves from Terrestrial Regional striking the water-vapour in the atmosphere are now in the tuning range of the water-vapour receiver, and can warm it, and thence the air containing it, as the direct solar waves could not do. The Solar and the Terrestrial Regional programmes can both produce direct warming of the clouds, but the long-wave programme is the more effective. If we have got these ideas fixed we have got the essence of the ground floor heating system equally fixed in our minds. There is only one non-wireless addition to be made, and I include it in the following summary. The sun sends to us very-short-wave wireless rays which are not themselves hot, which do very little to heat the



air directly, but which heat the land and the water and us. The land and water thus warmed heat the air which is in contact with them by a different non-wireless process of direct heat-exchange by contact and evaporation. The land and water also send out their long-wave wireless rays into the air; some of them produce heating of the water-vapour, which is tuned to these long waves; and thence heating of the air containing that water-vapour; some of them help in heating up the clouds, which, however, are most important as reflectors, sending some of the solar short-waves back into outer space, some of the terrestrial long-waves back to the earth. Clouds are partly earth-sun shades, partly earth-blankets. The warmth given to the air by these processes is redistributed by the ventilating system of the winds.

Let us take a long breath here. Now we turn to look at one very important



Cirrus

Layer without a word spoken about pressure—'wedge of high pressure over the British Isles, pressure relatively low over Iceland'. We must take another long breath and look at what pressure means.

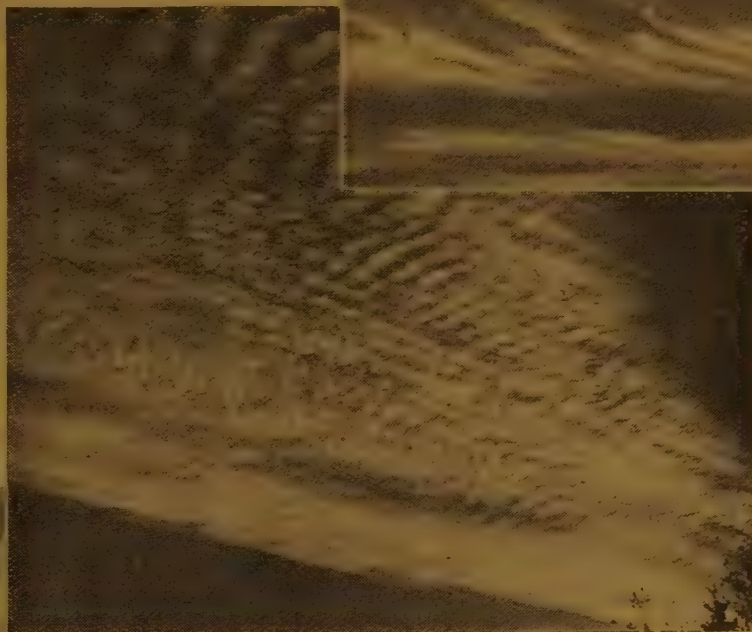
It is a great pity that the very important information behind the statement of air pressure is camouflaged as imaginary inches of an imaginary column of mercury, or as the disembodied spirits of millibars.

Cirro-cumulus

The real thing that counts is tons of air per square yard. Fortunately you can get behind the camouflage without much work. When the learned ones say to you, 'The air pressure at Kew is 1,000 millibars' (which is about the average), translate it into this: 'There is a ton of air resting on every square foot of earth at Kew; the whole weight of that hundred-storey column of the Weather House, which is resting on a square foot of ground at Kew, is one ton. If he says 'Thirty inches of mercury', you say, 'Make it millibars, and be a modern'. When he says, 'Pressure at Teddington has risen 10 millibars', you ask, 'Where did that extra 20 lbs. weight of air above every square foot at Teddington come from?' If you can answer your own question, don't bother about me. You are a nearly complete meteorologist. That is all there is in this millibar mystery, it is just a way of saying, or concealing the fact, that when the barometer falls 10 millibars in Broadcasting House 200 tons of air have been lifted off the roof and have gone to a new address.

But since this change of address is the key to weather processes we have to think how the airy furnishings of the ground floor get themselves moved about on this portentous scale. Fortunately, that is also easy to see. A column of iron- or timber-work standing on a square foot of base and, weighing a ton, wouldn't subside by flowing out sideways at the foot. A column of water would stay put if, and only if, it were contained by solid walls, or were surrounded on all sides by similar columns of water. If one of these columns were made lighter, all the others would flow out sideways till they had all come to be the same weight again. That is what a fluid is, something that flows in this way. And air is a fluid, only more so.

'Where', you ask again, 'is all this mixture of wireless and hot air taking us?' It is time to pull things together a bit. The sun is shining on a bit of land, the land gets hot, it heats the column of air above it. This air expands, every cubic foot of it is lighter than the cubic feet of air around it, the surrounding cooler heavier air flows in sideways underneath it. The heated air rises, pushing its way, as it were, through the surroundings,



Alto-cumulus

difference between the heating-up of land and of water. The land is more easily heated up; for equal supplies from the sun it gets hotter, and gets hot more quickly, than the sea. But—lightly come, lightly go—it gives out its heat more easily, it cools quicker, and goes much colder than the sea. So the sea is the great stabiliser, the heat-storage tank of the heating system. But the sea (with which, for short, I include the freshwater lakes and the rivers) is also, of course, a storage tank of another kind; it is the main reservoir for that water-vapour which we have taken for granted, the water-vapour which comes off the water surface when that is warmed: which diffuses into the air and is carried by the winds; which condenses into cloud or fog, into rain, snow, sleet, or hail, in ways which we shall soon examine.

So the land heats up quickly when the sun shines on it, it gives much heat and some moisture to the layer of air in contact with it. The sea heats up slowly, it gets less hot, but gives some heat, and much moisture, to the air in contact with it. In both cases the result is hot air—more or less hot, more or less moist. What happens to hot air? Heat expands; cold contracts; the same weight of air takes up more space when it is warmed. A cubic foot of warm air weighs less than a cubic foot of cold air. And here we are half way through the study of the Weather



and expanding still more, because, you see, it has got above some lower air, there is less weight on its head, it can expand against this reduced pressure aloft. Indeed, it might seem likely to go on rising until it flows out on the top of the whole atmosphere. But there is another process that prevents this, a process which we had better look at outside in, if I may put it so. The older and the younger of us have mostly pumped up bicycle tyres—the temporary eclipse of the bicycle may have left a few midway who don't know, by direct experience, that the barrel of the pump gets hot. Compressing air heats it, expanding air cools it. In the Weather House processes we have been discussing this dynamic heating and cooling, as it is called, now intervenes. The heated air rises, expands as it gets less and less weight of other air above it, but as it expands it cools. The cooling has two important results. All the air in the atmosphere has at some time or another taken part in these ups and downs, all that has gone up has been cooled by expansion, all that has come down has been heated by compression. The

air that is temporarily on top must, therefore, be cold, that below relatively hot. On the average there is a reasonably fixed law of fall of temperature with height due to this dynamic process. That is why air-pilots need heated clothing.

Our special sample of hot air, despite its starting with an extra high temperature, will cool more rapidly as it climbs than at the rate corresponding with this general fall of temperature with height. So quite soon it will come to a level where it is at the temperature of its surroundings, and there it will make its temporary home. We have been talking as if it were dry air; in fact, it contains moisture, water-vapour, and that produces some other peculiarities in behaviour. Hot air can carry more water-vapour than cold, when you cool it there comes a time when the water-vapour condenses out as visible droplets of liquid water—or visible crystals of solid ice—and you have cloud or fog or rain or snow. We needn't, at the moment, trace the course of the heat exchanges more closely than that.

## The New Russian Five Year Plan

By A. J. CUMMINGS

I HAVE just been looking at a remarkable issue of *Izvestia*, the chief Russian newspaper, which contains the complete official text of the second Five Year Plan, particulars of which are beginning to filter through to other countries. This copy of *Izvestia* is an unusual newspaper production since it contains practically nothing but this text, and the verbatim report of a striking speech delivered on the previous day by M. Litvinov, the Russian Commissar for Foreign Affairs, before the Central Executive Committee. The only light relief is an extremely effective photographic reproduction of M. Litvinov making his speech and looking a picture of mingled benevolence and self-content.

Any English newspaper so lacking in colour might repel readers accustomed to the lively picturesqueness of the London Press. But I can assure you the *Izvestia* will be read greedily from the first word to the last by every Russian citizen able to read; and whether they are able or unable to read, they will have countless opportunities of listening to eloquent official talks about the Five Year Plan, and of hearing public interpretations of M. Litvinov's speech. His address, which I understand is to be translated into English, was, in effect, a complete world survey. It was, on the whole, unprovocative in tone. It contained friendly references to Great Britain and revealed a plain desire for peaceful co-operation, and particularly for trade co-operation with this country. One need not be surprised at that. The Soviet rulers are fully alive to the fact that Great Britain must continue to be the principal market for Russia's exportable surplus of goods, and that a satisfactory trade agreement with Great Britain must influence directly the progress of their gigantic new programme of national planning. As British citizens, many of us may be inclined to look at the new Russian programme with a certain scepticism about some of its features. We must remember, however, the enormous driving power which the Soviet Government is able to exercise through its efficient internal propaganda, and by the knowledge that it can enlist the services of practically the whole nation.

I will not weary you with all the long rows of figures; but you may realise something of the character and the scope of the proposals when I mention that, by the end of 1937, it is intended to collectivise the whole of Russia's agricultural industry and to eliminate every individual farmer. It is also intended to electrify 5,000 kilometres of railway and to construct 9,000 kilometres of new railway, in the Far East principally. That enterprise will give Russia a new outlet to the East above Vladivostok and a new port, and will greatly strengthen her Far Eastern communications. New industrial districts on a very large scale are to be organised in Eastern and Western Siberia; and these industrial enterprises will, for the most part, be started in districts in which the raw material already exists. For example, ten of the new textile factories will be set up in the middle of Asia in the cotton-growing areas. It is also intended on the cultural side to absorb 5,000,000 persons in technical schools attached to the factories, to train 340,000 persons as fully qualified engineers, and 900,000 as technicians. The specified aim, according to the text of the programme, is

not merely to liquidate illiteracy, but to create a great body of citizens valuable to the State. An important feature will be the development of what is called the light industry in order to produce goods for consumption in the Soviet homes.

There is also to be a far-reaching canalisation, the effect of which will be to link up the Volga with the Moscow River and the Volga with the Don. This means that Russia will possess a straight water-line from the Black Sea to the Caspian Sea and thence through the Volga River to the White and Baltic Seas. Twenty thousand million roubles are to be spent on what we in England call public health services. This will include supplying 34 more towns with modern water systems, increasing from 50 to 70 the number of towns equipped with electric tramcar services, and increasing the number of hospital beds in towns by 44 per cent. and in villages by 98 per cent. Seventy-nine new electric power stations are to be installed, one of which will be larger than the great Dneprostroy station, and by the end of 1937 the annual productive capacity for all kinds of motor-cars is to be nearly 650,000.

I have mentioned only a few of the leading features of a national enterprise, the magnitude of which takes one's breath away. Is there any hope that Russian expectations can be fulfilled? It would be very foolish to indulge in a confident prophecy. The complete or partial fulfilment of this immense programme must depend on a number of incalculable factors. One is the character and effect of the new trade treaty between Russia and Great Britain, negotiations for which now seem to be nearly complete. Another is the extent to which the central bureaucracy in Moscow will be able to administer efficiently so gigantic a State effort. A third is the extent to which the agricultural harvests can be successfully organised from year to year, the sustained enthusiasm of the farmers, and, perhaps I should add, the kindness of weather conditions. The last, but not the least important of the conditions of success is Russia's ability to prevent the disaster of war. The Soviet Government is well aware of that danger to its far-reaching conceptions of internal industrial progress. It is therefore sincerely anxious to maintain peace in order to be free to fulfil its pledges to its own people. From that point of view alone, if from no other, we in England should regard the new Russian industrial policy with sympathy and good will. British manufacturers may also be relied upon, I think, to profit all they can by the development of the programme.

There is, I am told by friends of mine who recently returned from Russia, an optimism in the outlook of the Russian people which was certainly not apparent when I visited the country in April of last year. The workers there appear to entertain the hope, if not the conviction, that they are at last leaving behind the major difficulties and sufferings of the Revolution. They are undoubtedly looking forward to a fulfilment of the promise of a real and lasting improvement in their standard of living. If the high authorities in the Kremlin can persuade them that this new effort will result in a general improvement in the social lot of the community, I think the Russian workers, on their part, will strain every nerve to ensure its success.



# A Three-Cornered Survey of Industrial Britain

Part of a Discussion between Professor J. A. SCOTT WATSON, Professor JOHN HILTON and JULIAN HUXLEY

*Professor Scott Watson, Professor John Hilton and Mr. Julian Huxley here report the conclusions arrived at after their recent tour throughout Great Britain, where they investigated respectively modern tendencies in Agriculture, Industry and Science*

**WATSON:** Here we are, reasonably intact after our wanderings, each with his own set of impressions. Now what have you to say or ask, Hilton, about our fields of enquiry from the standpoint of yours?

**HILTON:** First, a question for you, Scott Watson. You said in one talk that you would like to see more people living in the Highlands, and fewer in places like Motherwell, Wigan and London. But you went on to tell about the hardships of the agricultural life. You called it at one point a life of hard work and little leisure. Another time you spoke feelingly of 'the job of pulling turnips in a muddy field on a cold November day'. Pondering these things, I thought the average factory worker and factory employer, as I had seen him at work in the Motherwells and Wigans of Britain, must have a much better life and a better time of it all round than the farmer and the farm worker. Do you agree?

**WATSON:** Not in the least. I know there are lots of unpleasant jobs on the land, and back-breaking toil and long hours. We want more machines and an eight-hour day. We'll get them, too, in time if we go the right way about the business. But in the meantime isn't it worth something to live in God's open air, where rain and sun and frost have some meaning? To see the wheat ripen and the young lambs grow? And to change your job twice a week or five times a day as the case may be, instead of going through the same routine twenty times an hour, eight hours a day, five and a half days a week? I know a good many land workers who have pleasant, comfortable houses and big gardens for three shillings a week. I know industrial workers who are badly housed in dismal streets at ten shillings a week, and have no gardens at all.

**HILTON:** Each to his choice; but let those who choose have a fair deal. It seems to me that the farmer and the farm hand are miserably paid for the hard work they do and the risks they take, compared with the industrial employer and worker. The trouble is, Scott Watson, that your farm products either cost too much to produce or are sold too cheap; as compared, of course, with the costs and prices of manufactured goods. Both you and Huxley have told of the greater output that is being got from the same soil and with less effort by a combination of science and machinery. Now, when manufacturers put in better machinery and apply the results of scientific research, they see to it that they get some of the benefit. They don't always succeed, but in general they do. How is it that in agriculture improvements have seemed lately to leave the farmer and the farm hand worse off than before? What do you say to that, Huxley, from the standpoint of science?

**HUXLEY:** Frankly, I don't think there is much to say—from the standpoint of science. Science is being held up in agriculture (as in industry, too, though perhaps to a lesser degree) by economic and social factors. What do you say, Scott Watson, as to the shares of science, agriculture, and general economic policy in effecting agricultural progress?

**WATSON:** Well, for one thing it isn't true that everybody on the land is worse off than before. A hundred years ago wages in Oxfordshire were six shillings a week. Now the average works out at about thirty-three. But still, speaking relatively, farming is a sweated industry. But what would you do if you were a farmer in these times? You can't close down for six months or a year till prices get better. You can't afford to produce less. You may dodge about from wheat to barley or from cattle to pigs, but produce you must, and sell you must, or else throw up the sponge altogether. And when prices go to pieces, as they have done lately, you have really no remedy.

**HILTON:** Exactly, but why are prices below the level of a living wage and a living profit? Because your farmers are all competing by undercutting. Not only our farmers, but farmers throughout the world. Cutting and undercutting. Well, there's still a lot of that in manufacture; but there's also a lot of combination among the manufacturers in the matter of production and prices. It seems to me that the farming community will never have fair doings until it follows suit. To leave prices to be flung about by demand and supply just won't do nowadays. You told us in your talks, Scott Watson, of some of the things that are being done in the way of planned production and marketing; but, you know, they don't as yet amount to much all told. What sort of hope is there of agriculture being saved from the ruinous policy, or lack of policy, of competitive cutting and undercutting until stuff is being sold at less than production cost?

**WATSON:** I don't agree that what has been done is little.

I think, considering the complexity of the task, that a very good start has been made. We've got marketing schemes for milk and bacon and a wheat scheme. Farmers will be voting on a potato scheme next month. A fat stock commission is hard at work. The idea of all these schemes is simple. We can discover, near enough, the price at which a standard product like bacon can be produced in this country, paying a reasonable wage to the labourer. Either that price is one that the consumer may reasonably be asked to pay or else it isn't. If it is a reasonable price let us pay it, and not concern ourselves about the fact that somebody may be prepared to sweat and slave in order to sell more cheaply. But if there is some other commodity that somebody else can really produce cheaper—I mean with less toil and trouble—than we can, well, let him. If we insist on producing, with much toil and trouble, what somebody else can produce with little, then we are deliberately refusing to accept the gifts of nature, and playing beggar-my-neighbour.

**HILTON:** I'm interested to hear you say that. But to go back to this question of labour-saving machinery for a moment. I'm all for drudgery-saving machines. But they mean the displacement of labour; and I noticed that that bothered you a good deal. And you, Huxley, have been worried by the same thing, as one of the effects of applying science to production. You spoke of the scientist's keenness being tempered by the thought of helping to double output when the granaries and shelves are over-stocked and perishable stuff is being thrown away. I've had to face it as well, as a consequence of improvements in the technique and organisation of industry. Now where do we three stand on that? Quite definitely I hold the view that the job of the producer is to produce good things in the best way with the least toil. That's what I've said to employers and foremen and inventors and production engineers who were worried in their minds by the effects of what they were doing. I told them, as producers, to get on with their jobs, but as citizens to see that those displaced were treated honourably and every effort made to bring about a state of affairs in which they would be rapidly absorbed into industry again. Where do you stand, Huxley?

**HUXLEY:** I entirely agree in principle. But your last remark, about those displaced by machinery, is likely to be a pious wish and nothing more, unless we take very concrete steps about it, isn't it? We need a scientific population policy, and employment policy (and not merely an unemployment policy!) and a leisure policy. Apropos of this, Scott Watson, I'd like to ask you if you think agriculture could ever be efficiently carried on with short hours, on the basis of a seven-hour day, say, or a four-day week, with or without shifts?

**WATSON:** If we had big farms and big units it would be easy. With the small farm it's really impossible. Besides, there seems to be a deep-rooted notion that the chief end of agriculture is to employ men, whereas I think, of course, that it's an industry like others—the industry of producing food. Of course, I should like to see idle men usefully at work again. But merely to push people on to the land without considering whether they can ever become efficient producers seems to me all wrong. To plan for a bigger rural population seems to me the most difficult kind of planning that could be thought of.

**HILTON:** Then there's another point. The more that science and machinery enter into production, the more do agriculture and manufacture need workpeople and foremen and employers who know enough about science and machinery to turn it to good account. I'm inclined to suspect, Huxley, that a good deal of the potential value of scientific research is lost because the rank and file of industry don't know enough of science to understand what the laboratory people are up to. It has been said recently that research is ahead of the ability of industrial people to make use of it, and that we should do well to ease down awhile on laboratory work, and put more effort into the technical education of the multitude. What do you say to that?

**HUXLEY:** With regard to technical and scientific education—it is the owners, managers, financiers and politicians who need it, in my opinion: they need not only to know the facts of science, but to appreciate the scientific method, instead of trusting to luck or cunning or the habits of the day before yesterday. But even so, I don't think technical science is going to be of much immediate use. Where I do think scientific education could help, however, is in getting the scientific spirit into the general mind, creating the attitude of science all round.

**HILTON:** Oh, I agree. And your farming people, Scott Watson, they must know enough, not only of chemistry but of mechanics, too, to make use of both.



WATSON: It's true, of course. A cowman in a Grade A dairy must be something of a bacteriologist. A shepherd must be something of a vet. A modern 'combine harvester' is a good deal more complicated than a sickle, and incidentally costs £400 or £500. The landsman, just because he is less highly specialised than your factory hand, is extraordinarily adaptable. But we do want far more facilities than we have for vocational training—tractor courses, poultry courses, fruit courses and so on.

HILTON: One of the difficulties agriculture labours under, as compared with manufacture, Scott Watson, is the small size of the average farm, as compared with the average manufacturing concern. The typical farmer apparently has to be his own expert on everything. Well, he can't possibly be. It seems to me he has about ten quite different jobs to do. You told us about the local markets and how the farmer spent his day buying and selling. Can he do that efficiently and look after production as well? Don't you need more specialisation? But that would mean bigger farms, or combinations of farms. What is the outlook there?

WATSON: Actually, the scope for economy, by increasing the size of the unit, is, I think, a good deal less in farming than in some other industries. Sixty or seventy cows; four or five hundred sheep; two or three thousand hens; perhaps three hundred acres of corn and so on represent something quite near the optimum units. And I think a trained farmer can, with skilled foremen in each department, run a farm composed of, say, four or five such departments. But I entirely agree that many of our farms are too small, and many of our systems of running them too mixed. I think we ought to make our farms bigger and not smaller. But there again most people, I fear, disagree with me. Besides, buying and selling is another job. I would like to see that taken out of the farmer's hands altogether.

HILTON: You, Huxley, spoke of the psychological institutes, and the work they are doing in finding out by experiment what kind of jobs young people are best fitted for. You didn't mention, I think, one other field of industry in which we need the help of the psychologists, if they are in a position to give us help—I mean the important human side of management. The ensuring of co-operation among people in industry is still in what you called the rule-of-thumb stage. You said that yourself—or something like it. Is there a science, a real science, of human dealings? Is there an ordered body of tested knowledge which the works manager can acquire as other sciences are acquired, and which will help him in his job of getting his workpeople to co-operate?

HUXLEY: So far as I know, that's only beginning as a scientific study. Of course, there's the International Institute of Management at Geneva, and the National Institute of Industrial Psychology is making some studies of incentives in industry, but it's all on an absurdly small scale. There's room for scores of first-class psychologists to work at these problems—not only the right basis of co-operation, but others, like motive or incentive in general. For instance, is security of tenure of a job more important as a motive than a high rate of wages? And if so, how are you to encourage initiative? But you must know all this better than I do.

HILTON: I don't know about that, but I'm greatly interested in it. That's the end of my questions; now it's your turn.

WATSON: Here's my first question. I'd like to know if you think you've seen, during your travels, a migration of industry from North to South, or whether you've heard of plans for such a movement. And if you do think such a migration is possible or probable, what are the reasons for it?

HILTON: There's surprisingly little evidence of the migration of firms from North to South. The new factories you see in the country districts round London have either moved out of London (at least one third of them), or have been built by foreign firms because tariffs have compelled them to manufacture in England, or have been built by new British firms generally making some new line of goods. They start up near London so as to be near, or keep near, to the market which London offers, nine million people within a radius of seven miles. The tendency will continue, I think; but as the staple industries revive I think you will see the same thing happening, more than at present, round other industrial centres. We really ought to have a Government Department attending to this one thing.

WATSON: The thing that interests me is the attitude of the towns to the country. The towns want the country, obviously, as a playground. But do they want it for any other purposes? Do they want it, for example, as a reservoir of healthy human stock? Do they want it as a source of a large proportion of their food? Agriculture, given a permanently sheltered market, could produce more food and employ more men. Without a sheltered market, it may continue to produce the present value of food, but will employ fewer men. Do you think townsfolk understand the choice—and if so how will they choose?

HILTON: I don't think the town has any definite attitude to the country. It doesn't know that there is any such issue. If anything is done by Government which has the effect of making food dearer, there is always someone to raise an outcry about it, even though the low price of food may have been ruining the

farmer. I should say that townspeople, not as townspeople, but as citizens, are getting more and more into the mood of wanting to see the business of farming properly organised on a decent footing as regards working conditions, output, prices and profits; and are prepared to pay for it. The towns don't want sweated food any more than sweated manufactures. But it's for the farmer to organise himself, or let himself be organised, on the business side. A permanently sheltered market won't help him much unless he does that.

WATSON: I know that, but what about the costs of distribution? Food producers everywhere complain about the growing margin between wholesale and retail prices—e.g., the last time wheat was 20s. a quarter, bread was 4d. a loaf. This time it's 7d. a loaf. And the 'quota payment' on home-grown wheat comes to only 1d. of that difference. And then again, wholesale prices of food materials are, perhaps, 5 per cent. above the 1913 level; retail prices are about 30 per cent. above. What is the explanation? Is it the increased services which are demanded of the distributor? Or what?

HILTON: The wheat farmers of the world have no business to be selling wheat at 20s. a quarter. The only reason why it sells at such a price is that they let it go at that price. The reason why retail prices are 26 per cent. above pre-War when wholesale food prices are down to 4 per cent. above pre-War is partly due to increased services demanded of the distributors; but it is also due to the fact that the grain and meat and what-not sold by the farmer has to be transported and prepared in various ways before it reaches the customer, and it has to be kept for him and served to him in a retail shop by shop assistants, and all this means labour, and the wages of labour are very much higher, as compared with pre-War, than the price of foodstuffs. It also means using industrial goods, machines and what-not, and these have not fallen in price to the low level of the farmer's products; and I hope they won't. The next move is with the farmer, and I hope he'll make it.

WATSON: Now Huxley, your turn.

HUXLEY: One or two of my questions hinge on to yours. In the first place, if the Government helps industry, by protection, or subsidies, or quotas, or whatever it may be, should it not demand in return a certain high standard of quality as well as a low standard of price of product? And, as one guarantee of efficiency, could it not insist that a certain proportionate amount of money from the industry, whether as a levy on sales or a fraction of turnover or a sliding scale fraction on profit, should be devoted to research and development? We want some statutory guarantee that there shall be continuity in research, and that it shall be adequate in amount and quality.

HILTON: How can a Government stipulate a high standard of efficiency or a moderate level of price? There's nothing with which to measure either. I've no objection to a compulsory levy on any convenient basis. But don't let's link up a levy for research and development with efficiency and price level. They don't go together really.

HUXLEY: Well, here's another question for you. Can we hope to progress much further unless we organise much more from the consumption end instead of, as we do now, almost entirely from the production end? That has struck me forcibly in applied science, but I should imagine it held in every field. For instance, can you hope to get much further with the building industry unless you think of the provision of good housing from the consumer angle, and treat it as a necessary community service, providing houses through a National Housing Corporation or similar large-scale public utility organisation?

HILTON: I think housing is a special case. Not many of the people who need could afford to buy them, even through a building society. Some intermediary between the maker and the user of houses has to buy the house and let it at a rent. That is why we are being driven to treat housing more and more as a necessary community service. But for the general run of articles made and bought I rather think the line of development will be that firms will associate into corporate industries, and the producers will take steps to find out what the public needs, what it is going to ask for, and what kind of things it should have, of what quality and at what price. That is, in fact, organising industry from the consumption end.

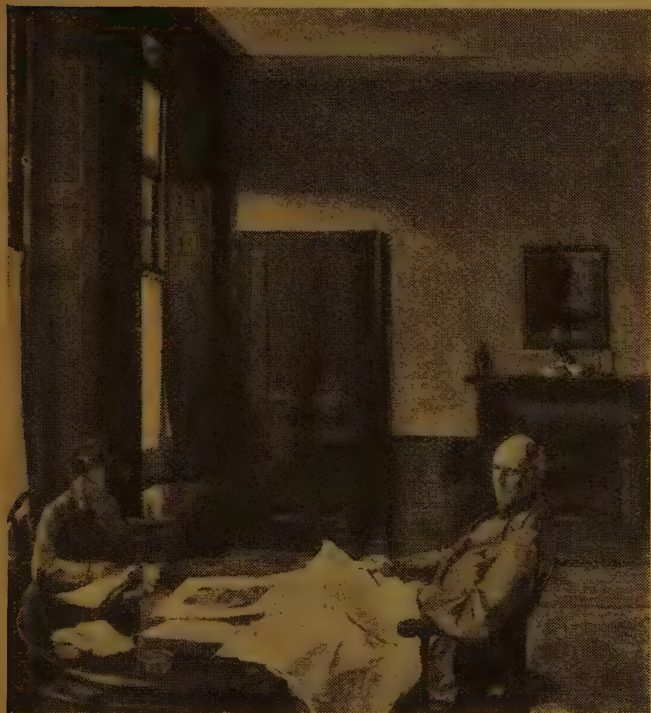
HUXLEY: Another point—can business and industry really hope to make full use of science until they're much more thoroughly planned and organised than they are at present? Granted that this is so, proper planning means getting rid of a great many of the risks of present-day industry. And if you do this, there is no reason to pay people too much interest on the capital they invest. Wouldn't it be a good thing then to have an extension of the limited interest undertaking? You have that in a semi-public corporation like the B.B.C.; above a certain margin of profit the surplus goes to the Government. If you had the same sort of thing in a business, you could insist on a certain fraction of any surplus going into research.

HILTON: Yes, I think we are moving, and ought deliberately to move, in the direction of the self-government of industries or sections of industry, by semi-public corporations, handling invested capital the risk on which is less because of the pooling and the rate of interest less.



## The Society of Eight

*The twenty-second annual exhibition of the Society of Eight has just opened at the New Gallery, Shandwick Place, Edinburgh, where are shown paintings by members—David Alison, F. C. B. Cadell, John Duncan, W. G. Gillies, Sir John Lavery, H. J. Lintott and S. J. Peploe—and invited works by Archibald M'Glashan, William MacTaggart, Maclauchlan Milne, Robert Sivell, and Hubert Wellington. Editorial reference will be found on page 95*



Interior, by David Alison



Head of a Child, by Archibald M'Glashan



Portrait, by W. G. Gillies



Still Life with Loaf, by S. J. Peploe



## Paul Klee

THE name of Paul Klee has more than once been mentioned in the course of my articles in *THE LISTENER*, and on one occasion at least I have bemoaned the fact that his work had never been seen in England. That reproach to the enterprise of our galleries has been removed, for an exhibition of his works is now being held at the Mayor Gallery in Cork Street, London. It would need an exhibition on a very large scale to include the complete range of Klee's talent, but the qualities common to all his works—the subtlety of his colour sense and the delicate sensibility of his line—are fully represented in the present exhibition. It is perhaps a matter of regret that we have had to wait until Klee's international reputation implies prices beyond the reach of a purchaser of moderate means, but that is our usual fate. The Englishman at home has always to pay dearly for the prevailing conservatism of taste, and whilst he may console himself with the excuse that his policy is in the best traditions of sound insurance (though the rates paid would astonish any underwriter at Lloyd's), nevertheless, from a wider point of view (the education of public taste) such enforced ignorance is very regrettable, leading to those displays of shocked surprise and angry resentment characteristic of those who discover that a cultural march has been stolen on them.

Klee was born at Berne in Switzerland in 1879. His father was a musician, and he himself hesitated between music and art as a career, and it is anything but fanciful to find a musical quality in his painting. He received his artistic training in Munich, where he studied for three years between 1898 and 1901. A fourth year of study was spent in Italy, where he was powerfully impressed by Byzantine art. His early works were mainly of a satirical nature, and were exhibited for the first time with the Munich Secessionists in 1906. Then came a period of exploration and development, during which Klee admits to the influence of James Ensor, Van Gogh and Cézanne. But at no period during his career has Klee been in any sense derivative; his work from the first shows a strong individuality, and when, in 1911, Klee joined the 'Blaue Reiter' group (which included also Kandinsky and Franz Marc), his work contributed equally with the other members to the extraordinary richness of their achievement (in retrospect, the 'Blaue Reiter' seems to be the most significant group of artists of this century). Klee's further development is no doubt influenced by Picasso and Matisse, but only in the sense of forces advancing along a common front. He is perhaps the only German artist of the present time who has made a profound impression on Paris, and he and Kandinsky have certainly contributed more than is ever acknowledged to the general development of modern European art.

Since on previous occasions I have dealt with the content of Klee's art—its inexhaustible phantasy and wit—I will take the present opportunity to speak more particularly of his technique, with special reference to some of the exhibits at the Mayor Gallery. In general one might say that it has been Klee's aim to obliterate all the academic categories of technique; that is to say, Klee recognises in painting only the essential categories—line, colour and surface—and he does not hesitate to employ any conceivable means to produce effects of line, colour and surface. That is to say, a neat division like 'oil painting' is arbitrary and unnecessary; if it

suits the artist's purpose, why not mix the mediums and reverse the processes, paint with oils on paper and with water-colours on canvas, or with a mixture of both on gesso? So long as the resulting effect is an artistic one, there is no reason beyond a timid academic tradition why the work of art should not be produced by any material the artist can find to produce the effect he requires. That some of his experiments may not stand the test of time is probably true, but what medium is wholly exempt from that form of destruction? Not the medium of an academic artist like Reynolds, nor that of an impressionist like Renoir. A painting medium wholly exempt from the ravages of time does not exist, and will never exist, so long as one chemical reacts to another.

If anyone cares to examine the works exhibited at the Mayor Gallery, they will find all the following techniques separately employed: (1) pen drawings, (2) water-colour drawings, (3) water-colours plus pen drawing, (4) watercolours plus a stipple effect produced by a spray or blow-pipe, (5) lino-cuts plus stipple, (6) effects produced by the reaction of colour



Landscape, by Paul Klee

medium to the texture of the paper, (7) stained canvas—'Fruit', No. 26, and 'Sphinx and Siesta', No. 16, both painted in 1932, are examples of this original technique, (8) oil on paper, with scratched outlines inlaid with colour—'Page from the Book of Cities', painted in 1928, is an example, (9) oil on gesso, (10) tempera, (11) drawing on board, varnished, (12) effects produced by scraping or scrabbling two or more layers of differently coloured paint. I do not suggest that this list by any means exhausts the various techniques used by Klee; but whatever their number and variety, he uses them with a sureness and success that are the result of his unflinching sensibility.

Klee's technical virtuosity has led to the criticism that he is not so much an artist or painter as a craftsman. But this is a meaningless distinction, and one that could only be applied in an age of dilettantism. If Giotto worked in mosaic and sculpture as well as paint, does he thereby become a craftsman, or any less an artist?

Klee's reputation is already established on the Continent.



He has had a considerable influence on the Surrealist Movement, though I think his type of art should be clearly distinguished from some of the aspects of Surrealism. Klee has nothing in common with the macabre exploitation of the Freudian unconscious; his vision is more childlike and innocent, and of a singular gaiety. Nor is there anything particularly Germanic about his spirit: it has rather something of the character and universality of folk art. His genius has already provoked a considerable literature, details of some of which I append.

HERBERT READ

Leopold Zahn: *Paul Klee*. 68 plates. Potsdam, 1920.

H. von Wedderkop: *Paul Klee*. 33 plates. Junge Kunst series. Leipzig, 1920.

Wilhelm Hausenstein: *Kairuan, oder eine Geschichte vom Maler Klee*. 43 Illustrations (a biography of Klee). Munich, 1921.

Will Grohmann: *Paul Klee*. 84 plates and tributes by various French artists and writers. Paris, 1929. Professor Grohmann is at present engaged on a larger work on Klee, as well as on a separate publication of his drawings.

René Crevel: *Klee*. Paris, 1930. 45 plates.

## *The Colonial Empire—I*

# *Scope and Variety of Our Colonial Empire*

By I. L. EVANS

**A** PART altogether from the self-governing Dominions and the great sub-continent of India, there are close on fifty separate territories which are united in common allegiance to the Crown, if in nothing else. This Colonial Empire of ours is the result of long years of history, in large measure, almost of accident, rather than of any conscious design. Indeed, some might say that no one in his senses would ever deliberately have made a collection of problems so complex and, at times, so trying to the nerves as this. But the Colonial Empire is also something more. It is a great political organisation in which peoples of many colours, languages and religions do, in point of actual fact, manage to live their daily lives in a common unity which has no need of uniformity. Some of these peoples are very advanced in civilisation, while others are still very primitive. As to the latter, I cannot do better than quote the words an African chief is said to have used when asking Queen Victoria for her protection: 'Dear Queen. We are but lice in thy blanket. Do not despise the lice'.

## *Sixteenth-Century Beginnings*

The Colonial Empire is indeed an association of strange bedfellows. How did it come to be what it is?

The Elizabethan sea-dogs, whom we have been taught to look upon as heroes, but whom their enemies regarded as pirates, swept the Spanish Main. The Spaniards not unnaturally replied by sending an Armada to conquer these islands. Fortunately for us, God blew with His winds and they were scattered. In the last years of the sixteenth century this little country thus emerged as a potential maritime power of the first class.

They that went down to the sea in ships did business in great waters. They didn't go to sea for fun. Their activities in the New World were, however, very much handicapped by the monopoly of commerce which Spain reserved to herself on the American mainland. To overcome this hindrance, British ships used some of the West Indian islands as centres for contraband trade with the Spanish Colonies. Before many years had passed the islands came to be valued for their own sake, as producers of colonial goods. Sugar was the chief crop grown—in fact, the taste for sweet things was perhaps the most important single stimulus to overseas trade and, therefore, to early colonial policy. But the cultivation of the sugar cane was often a risky business. There were dangers from the weather, from hurricanes, and other acts of God. There were also dangers from wicked men, when ships, laden with valuable produce, sailed through seas infested with pirates. Sugar was thus too precarious a crop for the small man, and by the end of the seventeenth century it was chiefly grown in large plantations. The capital for these ventures came from England, and the labour, in the absence of a sufficient local supply, was brought over in slave ships from Africa. Slavery, and even more the horrors of the Slave Trade, were the price paid in human good for the early economic development of our plantation colonies in the West Indies and in North America. It has

been estimated that, between 1680 and 1786, over two million African slaves were taken across the Atlantic in British ships alone. Between Europe, America and West Africa, shipping and commerce thus led, through slavery, to more shipping and more commerce. In the process the West Indian group of colonies was acquired by the Crown.

Meanwhile, commercial enterprise was opening up new trade routes elsewhere, and the English East India Company, founded in 1600, had established a chain of trading factories in India within the next hundred years or so. During the eighteenth century, commercial relations between this country and the East grew ever more important. These, in their turn, supposed the safety and convenience of British shipping over more than ten thousand miles of ocean. Trade, not the acquisition of territory, was the motive of all this activity, but, as in India, so elsewhere, the one inevitably led to the other. So early as 1651 the little island of St. Helena was occupied in order to become a port of call for the East Indiamen, though a century and a half was to elapse before Britain assured, by further annexations, her control over the long sea route to the East.

The Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars are a vital period in the development of British sea-power, and therefore in colonial history. The defeat of the Armada, in 1588, prepared the way: the victory of Trafalgar, in 1805, set the seal to our maritime supremacy. As a result of hostilities which lasted, with one short break, from 1793 to 1815, this country acquired the Cape of Good Hope and Ceylon from the Dutch, together with Mauritius—which had long been a useful naval base for our chief rival in India—and the Seychelles from the French. These acquisitions were made and held solely with a view to trade with the East. A similar motive prompted the occupation of the island of Ascension in 1815. It was treated by the Admiralty as though it were a ship, and ruled by a naval Captain—an odd arrangement which lasted down to 1922. Since then, however, Ascension has been a mere dependency of the colony of St. Helena. It is a cable station and exports a number of excellent turtles each year for the delectation of Worshipful Londoners—and there we must leave it, with our best wishes.

The British connection with India was also responsible for the establishment in 1838 of a military and trading post at Aden, which was long administered by the Government of Bombay. In course of time, a number of the tribes who lived near by came under our protection, and this involved the playing of a certain role in the internal politics of Arabia, the home of Islam, and a country intimately associated with Middle Eastern affairs. Here, as elsewhere, one thing led to another, but there does seem to have been an underlying purpose, at least in the initial stages, and this conclusion is in apparent conflict with what was earlier said as to the somewhat accidental nature of British colonial expansion.

If we examine the situation a little further it will be seen that these various possessions—and let us think for a moment



of the position on the map of Ascension, St. Helena, the Cape, Mauritius, the Seychelles and Ceylon—were acquired primarily, if not, indeed, exclusively, to ensure the only possible route from Britain to India in the days of the sailing ship. With the advent of the steamship they lost much of their importance in this respect, while the opening of the Suez Canal, in 1869, completely transformed the whole situation. The Cape, of course, had already become the nucleus of the future Union of South Africa, while Ceylon had considerable resources of its own to develop and is now one of the leading members of our Colonial Empire. The other little islands, however, live on, in part, at least, as relics of a former age, and offer problems in the economic sphere which, though relatively small, are sometimes none the less perplexing on that account.

### Plantation Colonies Ruined by Emancipation

It is important to remember that these territories were acquired as naval posts in time of war. Even during the period of hostilities, however, humanitarian claims had been asserted, with success, against those of commercial imperialism. In 1750, the Slave Trade was still regarded as perfectly proper, and the African Company, which assured the supply of its miserable victims, was officially described as 'the most beneficial to this land of all the companies that ever were formed by our merchants'. Fifty years later, as a result of ceaseless activity on the part of the abolitionists, public opinion on this subject had completely changed, and, in 1807, the Slave Trade was declared to be illegal to British subjects. This was the prelude to the abolition of slavery itself, the centenary of which we celebrated last year. In spite of compensation paid by the British taxpayer to the slave owners, this measure spelt ruin to our plantation colonies for many years to come. But, apart from humanitarian issues, interest in colonial affairs was at a low ebb. Many people had come to believe that the American Revolution proved that if and when the Colonies developed in wealth and power, they would inevitably break away from the Motherland. Let them, therefore, go their way in peace. Moreover, colonial policy in the past had always implied commercial restrictions, and these were viewed with abhorrence by the rising generation. This was, of course, the great age of Free Trade, and the Free Trader regarded not this country nor this Empire, but the whole world, as his parish.

Yet the Colonial Empire continued to grow. Our position in India naturally favoured trade relations with the countries still further to the East. So early as 1786 a trading post had been established at Penang, and in 1819 yet another settlement was made at Singapore. From these small beginnings there has sprung that interesting complex of territories known as British Malaya. Once again a trading post or two developed into a possession almost imperial.

Moreover, commercial initiative in Eastern waters did not stop at Singapore. Trade in the China Seas had long been reserved, so far as British nationals were concerned, to the East India Company. But the monopoly was terminated in 1836, and, five years later, in 1841, the Union Jack was flying in Hong Kong. Originally acquired as a trading post, this little colony has given us a stake in the affairs of China. In all of this there may have been some measure of design—as, for example, the desire for trade, or for safe harbours for our ships. This has, however, been transformed by destiny, for the scope of Empire lies not merely in its hands, but also in its contacts.

From the Far East we must now direct our thoughts once more to an Old World nearer home, with only a passing reference to Fiji, where British influence first began in 1874, and to the many other islands since acquired in the Pacific: and with no more than a mention of that strange hybrid, the New Hebrides, which, since 1906, has been under the joint administration of Great Britain and of France.

### Importance of the Suez Canal

The Mediterranean was, in many ways, the fount and source of our Western civilisation. It was, and also is, a most important highway of commerce. A feeling for strategic fitness

must therefore have inspired those who captured the rocky fortress of Gibraltar in 1704; for here was the key to the greatest of all landlocked seas. Almost a century went by, however, before this instinct prompted further acquisition. We are back, once again, in the period of the wars against Napoleon when, in 1802, the colony of Malta passed into our hands. It was, and is, from our point of view, essentially a naval post, though its local politics have recently acquired a certain international publicity. Sixty-five years ago, however, the opening of the Suez Canal, in 1869, made of the Mediterranean far more than a mere inland sea: it became the principal highway to India and the East. Our possession of Gibraltar and Malta thus suddenly acquired a new and wholly unexpected value. In the mind of that brilliant Oriental, Benjamin Disraeli, this heritage of good fortune must be completed by design. In 1875, Great Britain became the largest single shareholder in the Suez Canal Company, and, by the acquisition of Cyprus three years later, she obtained a commanding position in the Eastern Mediterranean. The importance of the Suez Canal, and all that it implied, was not, however, a party question. A glance at any map, or even the most cursory inspection of shipping statistics, will show that the Suez Canal is, to this country, a vital artery of Empire.

Each of the many territories, which I have suggested in outline, though could not trust myself to enumerate, has an administration of its own. At the head of each stands a high official, usually called the Governor. He is the single and supreme authority responsible to, and representative of, His Majesty. He has thus a two-fold function to perform. He represents the King, and he is also his own Prime Minister. As it is our established practice to trust the man on the spot, the Governor is thus, within his territory, a very important person indeed. Under him is the Colonial Secretary, who is the principal executive officer in the Colony, and who usually acts for the Governor in his absence. Lower in the hierarchy come the people responsible for the good government of the districts into which all, save the very smallest, of these Colonies are divided. They may be called by a variety of names, but upon this class of officer depends the maintenance of harmonious relations between Government and the governed. The district officer is really the pivot upon which all else turns. There are also departmental officers who deal with accounts, audit, agriculture, public health, education and a variety of other services. Moreover railways and harbours are nearly always owned and operated by Government, which naturally employs a large administrative staff for the purpose. Then there is the majesty of the law, represented locally by a Chief Justice, or a Judge of the High Court, or perhaps only by a Magistrate.

### Present and Future Problems

Here in the Colonies is a great variety of problems, dealt with, on the whole, remarkably well: and yet nobody seems to know, and nobody seems to care that we are concerned, in the aggregate, with an area of two million square miles: a population of some fifty millions: and a total turnover of foreign trade which amounted, before the present crisis, to over £500 millions a year. A one-time Secretary of State once even ventured so far in an official document as to describe the Colonial Empire as 'a by no means negligible element in the wider framework of the British Commonwealth'. But this is only part of the story. Thanks to these Colonies of ours we are involved, directly or indirectly, in many problems which occupy the attention of a very large number of people outside the Empire. A short list would include: the future of China; the influence of various Powers in the Mediterranean; the possibility of Frenchmen being good Britons, as in Mauritius and the Seychelles; or of Chinamen rejoicing in European rule, as in Hong Kong, Malaya and British Guiana—so far-reaching is this particular problem; Zionist aspirations in a land peopled by an overwhelming majority of Muslims; or, yet again, the future relationship between white and black in Africa and, for that matter elsewhere. Such is the heritage of our Colonial Empire.





Trafalgar : the storm after the battle

By courtesy of the Parker Gallery, Berkeley Square

*The Navy Yesterday and Today—I**Before the Great War: The Navy in War*

By ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND

**I**N the three short talks which I am to give on the Navy I am not going to go into details about battleships and cruisers, destroyers and submarines and aircraft. What I shall try to do is to set forth, in the simplest words, the purpose which the Navy is intended to fulfil in the national anatomy and the manner in which it fulfils that purpose. This I believe I can do best by stating the objects for which it exists and illustrating, from the records of actual existence, the kind of situations that have arisen in our nation's life, and the way in which the Navy has been used to meet those situations. I will ask you to bear in mind that I speak as a naval officer; not as a politician.

What, then, in the first place, is the Navy? Do not begin by thinking of it in the technical terms of ships, great or small, floating, swimming or flying (for all are ships whatever their means or medium of locomotion), but as an instrument by means of which the statesmen, working with the interests of the people as their primary concern, try to preserve those interests. Every instrument used by man has an object. The adequacy of any instrument is tested by its fitness to do that which it is intended to do. The Navy is no exception to that universal rule.

A nation passes its life in two conditions: the conditions of peace and of war; of which the condition of peace is the more advantageous in every way. I shall therefore sketch in broad outline the manner in which this 'tool of the statesman' has served the national needs under those two conditions.

The eighteenth century was one of war, the nineteenth one of peace—or more properly speaking, of no wars which called for the use of the Navy as the ultimate decider of the issue. I will speak here of the Navy in that period of successive great wars. A war which lasted for eight years began in Europe in 1740. England was drawn into that war. The quarrel was one between several States on the continent and was concerned with the sovereignty of a great continental State. What had

this to do with England, and how could a Navy influence whether this or that Prince ruled over a particular set of territories? First, then, why did England come into this war? What brought England into this war was the fact that she had put her name to a certain agreement. Together with some other nations she had engaged to recognise and to support the claims of a Succession. When those claims were deliberately attacked by some of the very Powers who had guaranteed it, she had the choice either of fulfilling or of disregarding her obligations. Her statesmen decided to honour her word, and the country became engaged in war for that reason.

*Twofold Use of the Navy*

The use to which they put that national tool of theirs, the Navy, was of a twofold kind. First it was used to prevent some of the armies of the enemies of the ally, whose rights they were helping to defend, from being moved by the only road by which they could effectively move—the sea—to invade the ally's dominions. Spain, the enemy, wished to send an army into Italy across the Gulf of Lyons and along the coastal route. The Navy defended the line of approach by sea in the Mediterranean. Secondly, it was used to weaken the enemy's power of conducting war. That power rested largely in his commerce, the source of all wealth, and the Navy checked the flow of that commerce. The Navy, though it could not alone bring victory, sapped the strength of the enemy Powers, slowly it is true, but as surely as constant bleeding saps the strength of a man. In brief, the country went to war, not because she had a strong Navy, but because being a party to a treaty she was in honour bound to fulfil its terms. The instrument with which she acted was the Navy. It defended some of the territories the aggressors had tried to seize, it assisted our Allies with money, and, by strangling the enemy's commerce, crippled his resources and helped to bring peace back to Europe.



Pass to another war, consider its object, and note how the Navy was then used as the statesman's tool to attain that object. Englishmen had settled in America, Frenchmen in Canada. It was a period of colonial expansion and consequent rivalry. French policy aimed at an extension of the territory which would confine the English settlers to a strip—a broad strip, but a strip nevertheless—on the coast of the Continent. Rightly or wrongly, the British statesmen considered that this would injure the future interests of their people, both in those colonies and in the mother country, and decided to resist the threatened encroachment. How then could a Navy, the guns of whose ships could hardly reach beyond high water mark, effect a struggle conducted in the valley of the Ohio?

The first and last object of all that 'use-of-power' which we call 'strategy' is to produce superiority at the place where a decision is designed to take place. That place was in the American continent. The forces which could contend in that region could only be armies: by them the issue would be decided; and that issue therefore depended on whether the French or the British army in North America was the stronger; which (except when a genius arises in command, which is a rare event), again, means the bigger. The army of France numbered over three hundred thousand men, that of England a bare tenth of that number. What mattered was not which army in the aggregate was the more numerous or the more skilled, but which could be brought into use in the place where it was needed, when it was needed. Each army had to cross the sea to reach the disputed territory, and an army can no more cross the sea if the way is insecure than it can cross a river if the bridge is insecure. Because the British Navy was stronger than the French, British troops were able to cross the sea, while the French troops could not. The smaller army could muster more men in the place they were needed. The result was victory. Unable to affect the course of events in America, France aimed counter-blows elsewhere. She designed an invasion. This design was rendered impossible by the Navy, which defeated her fighting fleet in great sea battles. She struck at India, but here also the Navy protected the British possessions, while the army expelled the French from theirs.

Another war followed, this time a civil war, between the British in these islands and the British in those same colonies so recently defended. The issue depended on superiority in the field; that 'field' was the Northern Colonies. But in the peace that had followed the last war the Navy had been neglected, and when France threw in her lot on the side of the colonists, there was not that superiority which, in the earlier war, had existed. Sufficient reinforcements reached the resisting colonists, and the first British Empire came to an end.

### The Napoleonic Wars

Ten years passed, and yet another war began. France had established a Republic. With the form of Government chosen by France our statesmen had no concern. But they were deeply concerned that the public law, the sanctity of treaties, should be observed. The Revolutionary Government declared, by its acts in the Low Countries, a claim to be a law to itself. The Navy and a small and much neglected Army were the tools at the disposal of the statesmen. The problem before the statesmen was how they should use these tools of theirs to induce the Revolutionary Government of France to desist from its policy. The situation, as the British statesmen saw it, was this. The armies of the continental opponents of France were marching against her frontiers with Paris as their goal. To add the British army to those great ones would have helped but little. But France appeared to have a vulnerable spot in her finance. To make war she needed money to pay her armies. In the chaos of the Revolution her financial system had broken down. Wealth comes from commerce, and the greatest of the French commercial interests lay in the West Indies. If she were deprived of those resources the last straw would be applied, and she would—so it was believed—have to capitulate. Hence the Navy took the British army to the West Indies. But the expectation proved false. The French armies, conquering on the Continent, drew from their conquered enemies the wealth necessary to sustain the war, of which the Navy deprived them at sea; and the lives of a hundred thousand British soldiers were sacrificed to no purpose in the Indies. 'Economic pressure' proved ineffective against a country which was, in almost all things, independent upon foreign trade and capable of creating new sources of supply within herself.

Peace came after eight years in the form of a stalemate, with France victorious on the Continent, England at sea and overseas. But peace did not last. The struggle was resumed between England and France, because Napoleon deliberately refused to execute the terms of a Treaty and of a Convention. A single-handed struggle against France, Spain and Holland, undertaken in defence of the public law, culminated in the Battle of Trafalgar. Trafalgar neither ended the war nor even brought to a close the struggle at sea. War in a new form came into being. Within a year Napoleon could dispose of fleets as numerous as those of England; but they could not join each other. Napoleon saw that England's strength lay in her commerce and he resolved to bring her to her knees by ruining that commerce. Supreme on the continent, he ordered the closing of all the ports of the Continent against British trade. The British statesmen replied by forbidding all trade with those countries whose ports were closed except under conditions they themselves imposed. Thus for nine years—from 1805 to 1814—two impregnable fortresses faced each other. England could not invade the continental fortress, for she had no army. Napoleon could not invade the English fortress for want of an effective fleet. Each could hope only to subjugate the other through its commerce. In this mutual boycott the sea eventually won, for in order to enforce the prohibition on land upon unwilling states, Russia was made an enemy. The Grand Army which perished in the snow in the campaign of Moscow in 1812 was driven there by the Navy.

### Limitations and Strength

In the end everything hinged upon whether the commerce of Britain could continue, and whether she could outlast her enemy. Her sea power brought and kept her poorer military allies in the field. It was the strength of the Navy and the size of the Mercantile Marine which enabled the British statesmen to attain that which they sought, which was expressed by Pitt in the single word 'security'. It seems to me that possession of this great instrument during this period of conflicting interests served as a temptation to British statesmen to encroach upon the rights, the interests, or the possessions of their neighbours. But I am not here to discuss the policy of the statesmen, but the use they made of the means they possessed to execute that policy. The Navy was the means by which the statesmen of the century on one occasion supported the public law, on another sustained the efforts of the community of nations in opposition to attempts to dominate Europe, and, on others, protected the territories inhabited by British subjects from invasion and protected their trade. The weakness of a British Navy as an aggressive force, and also its power of influencing the course of events when it was thrown into the scale, are both shown during this century of war. Its limitations and its strength are expressed in the sayings of three great masters of war—Nelson, Wellington and Napoleon. Nelson tells us of its limitations in aggression: 'The English have to regret that we cannot always decide the fate of Empires on the sea'. Wellington tells of its capacity to influence events: 'If anyone wishes to know the history of this war [the Peninsular] I will tell him it is our maritime superiority gives me the power of maintaining my army while the enemy is unable to do so'. Napoleon says how it frustrated his policy of Empire: 'If it had not been for you English I should have been Emperor of the East: but wherever there is water to float a ship we are sure to find you in the way'.

Let me, then, sum up the lessons of what the Navy's services were in a typical series of great wars. In this century of five wars in which this country fought, as I read history, she came into the field to fulfil treaty obligations, to oppose breaches of treaties, to defend colonial territory, and in a civil war. She used the Navy to cripple the enemy's resources by cutting so much of their communications with other countries as went by sea, and to protect troops sent to co-operate with the armies of her Allies, or to defend her commerce. By commerce she supported her Allies, and that commerce the Navy, with the help of the Army, defended. She maintained that Navy on an equality with the two principal naval Powers, which were throughout in alliance against her. When the Navy was at that standard, and was well directed, England succeeded. When she overreached herself in a military campaign, as she did in the Civil War with the Northern Colonies, not even she could attain her ends; but the Navy saved her from collapse. It was through the Navy that Europe was protected from falling under the domination of an ambitious foreign Power.



# Can Liberia be Saved?

By SIR JOHN HARRIS

*This month the Liberian Government must give an answer which will govern its whole political future. If it accepts the 'Plan' of reform prepared by the International Committee under Lord Cecil's chairmanship, which is now before the League of Nations Council, there is some hope that the West African Republic may yet be saved from dissolution; if the Junta in charge of the Administration rejects the 'Plan', then nothing can save Liberia from ultimate disaster which will in turn involve Europe and America in a territorial problem of international significance which may lead—anywhere*

MODERN history in Liberia opens with a background of oppression and slaughter inflicted upon the miserable natives by the 12,000 Americo-Liberians; a State four times the size of Belgium, burdened with debt, drifting to bankruptcy, and looking for loans. Coincident with these conditions developing in Africa, President Hoover was taking undue alarm at the Anglo-Dutch rubber restriction scheme, professing to see in it an attempt by the two maritime nations to 'corner' the rubber of the world and thereby ruin the great motor industries of America. This perfectly absurd scare brought into relationship the 'money hunger' of the Liberians with the 'rubber hunger' of America, which quickly found practical expression in a loan from the American Finance Corporation of 5,000,000 dollars—of which about one-half was advanced at a high, but in the circumstances not an unreasonable, rate of interest. Accumulated debts were then refunded, overdue salaries were paid. President, legislators and officials all proceeded with alacrity to increase their emoluments, and everybody revelled in a measure of happiness they had not known for generations—but only so long as the money lasted. Cash was soon exhausted, the price of rubber fell below the cost of production in Liberia, yet another bloody native war was waged and more natives were enslaved. Once more corruption spread everywhere, once again salaries and wages fell hopelessly into arrears. Beyond question the root cause of the troubles in Liberia has been the initial decision of the immigrant negroes and half-castes to refuse the aid of experienced administrators of other nationalities.

The Conference at Versailles considered the future of Liberia, but political considerations led to a postponement of definite action. The scandals became so notorious in 1925 and onwards that it was decided with the assistance of the League of Nations to appoint an International Commission of Enquiry. This Commission, which was composed of one white man and two eminent negroes, reported in 1930. Not only were all the charges published in the Press confirmed, but there was brought to light a whole series of unsuspected evils. As Lord Snowden said in the House of Lords, the Report shocked the civilised world, for it established official complicity in slave trading not only inland, but by the shipment of negroes overseas. The Commission also exposed the most amazing forms of forced labour, bribery and corruption. Upon the publication of this Report the President of the Republic resigned, and Great Britain and the Washington Government refused to recognise his successor.

This Commission, known as the Christy Commission, was followed by another, this time with an eminent French administrator, M. Brunot, as Chairman. The Brunot Commission not only confirmed the report of the Christy Commission, but disclosed to the civilised powers the deplorable financial and economic situation; the undeveloped state of the country, with the absence of roads and railways; that the only hospital was without water supply or even the most primitive sanitary arrangements; that there was no medical service, no government doctor and that the entire native community of 1,500,000 was at such enmity with the 12,000 Americo-Liberians that this relationship alone constitutes, as the Commission said, 'a grave danger to Liberia'.

To Lord Cecil and an International Committee including an American and a Liberian was given the task of producing a Plan to save, if possible, the Republic of Liberia. Two things were recognised as essential: (a) a body of strong men of the highest integrity, (b) money. Money could not be found—nobody with any knowledge of Liberia would lend a penny piece; Lord Cecil's difficulties in this direction were enormously increased when a year ago the Monrovia Government issued a statement which America said was a repudiation of the services of the Finance Corporation Loan of the 3,000,000

dollars; it certainly looked like repudiation, and has been followed by all the results of repudiation. In spite of this set-back Lord Cecil persisted, and ultimately persuaded the Finance Corporation (which is largely another name for Mr. Harvey Firestone) to agree to advance the further necessary loans to Liberia, upon certain conditions, of which the following are the most important: (a) that the resolution of 'repudiation' for former loans be withdrawn, (b) that Liberia agrees to accept the League Plan. Thus is it proposed to make rubber the salvation of Liberia.

The League Plan is novel in the whole sphere of overseas enterprises, for it attempts to preserve the sovereign control of the Liberian Republic whilst providing it with an immigrant advisory Administration. The 'Estates of the Realm', if one may use the term in this case, are (a) the Americo-Liberians numbering, say, 12,000, with their Monrovia Capital and Government on the Coast of West Africa, (b) the skeleton immigrant Executive Administrators, to number about 20 persons appointed by the League of Nations and the President of Liberia, (c) the 1,500,000 natives.

The League Plan is to operate for five years and its main features are: (a) the division of the whole territory into three Provinces, (b) the appointment of a Chief White Adviser and three Provincial Commissioners: the Commissioners will be provided with three Deputies, (c) in addition to the foregoing there will be Medical Officers, Financial Advisers and Experts.

Any dispute must be submitted to the Council of the League of Nations and in urgent cases the President may act on behalf of the Council. The financial section of the League Plan is amongst its most interesting provisions. The whole Budget will be provided partly by local taxation and partly by the American Finance Corporation (Firestone). The estimated expenditure is as follows:

	\$
Administrative .. .. .	300,000
The League and the Finance Plan .. ..	202,000
Interest and Amortisation of Loans .. ..	231,000
	<hr/>
	\$733,000

The total estimated revenue is about \$450,000. Attempts will be made to increase the revenue, but the deficit in one way or another will fall upon the Firestone Company. It would be ungenerous not to recognise the handsome manner in which Mr. Harvey Firestone and his colleagues have responded to Lord Cecil's proposals. They have consented to reduce their contract rate of interest for the previous loans from 7 per cent. to 5 per cent. They have agreed to the generous condition that the Corporation will 'renounce annually all interest that cannot be met out of the revenue of the corresponding fiscal year'. This may involve the Corporation in a loss estimated at \$125,000 a year, whilst the reduction in interest alone will mean a saving to Liberia of \$62,000 a year.

The attitude of the Americo-Liberians is extraordinary. When the Plan was offered to them they at once tabled amendments which everybody but themselves realised would sabotage the Plan in every respect other than that of an uncontrolled loan to the Monrovia Government. Money they want, money they must have, but what the Americo-Liberians don't want is any outside assistance in supervising the spending of the loans. Unless the Liberian Government is prepared to accept the Plan and loyally attempt its application, then it is known that the civilised Powers, including America, are prepared to leave them to discover their own way of salvation—but in that event one thing is probable, some external Power will then either from interested motives or by force of circumstances step in, and with stern hands bring order out of chaos, and this may mean pulling a brick out of the whole Colonial arch, with consequences which none can foresee.



*The National Character—XIII**North v. South*

Part of a Discussion between E. L. GRANT WATSON and L. DU GARDE PEACH

**E. L. GRANT WATSON:** It is my belief that you find more of the truly English character in the South than in the North, and the reason for this is that the South is comparatively untouched by industrialism. The countryman as opposed to the townsman is not much troubled with ideals and theories. He has not a keen political sense, but he knows instinctively that it is not ideas that are good or bad, but men. I expect you will say that the men of the North are more intelligent and more quick-witted, but the great question is: what do you gain by that, unless these are turned to good purpose? Is the North-countryman more honest or more happy?

**L. DU GARDE PEACH:** The character of the North is the character which made it possible to build up the big industries and the big industrial towns—they have grown up there because the South had not sufficient guts and gumption to make these things possible.

**E. L. G. W.:** No. It is because of the iron and the coal in the North. There you have the cause of industrialism. It is because of its iron and coal that the North has developed, even against its will, and therefore your national character has been spoilt to a large extent.

**L. DU G. P.:** But surely the character of the man in the North is the character of the man who saw the possibilities of iron and coal and, therefore, seized on them. There are iron and coal found down here in the South.

**E. L. G. W.:** Yes, but much deeper and more difficult to get at.

**L. DU G. P.:** Yes, and too deep for the Southern character—it can't persevere long enough to get at it.

**E. L. G. W.:** I don't agree. But let me return to my point. One of your Northerners, John Bright, said: 'It's the people who live in cottages who make the nation'. I believe that is true. As soon as you get towns, the value of human life becomes less and less important.

**L. DU G. P.:** I entirely agree with you there, but you have got to answer this question: From which end of England is the future of England to come—which is the most hopeful, the North or the South?

**E. L. G. W.:** Now you are bringing in politics. I think the worship of political ideals comes as a result of divorce from the soil. The true countryman is not much interested in politics, but he has a very good sense of the value of men, and I believe it is because our politicians have ceased to value men at their true worth, and have substituted theories about human organisation, that we are in such a mess. It follows that the more we can get detached from the blight of industrialism the more we will have respect for human life.

**L. DU G. P.:** My experience is that the countryman is a man definitely in tune with the soil and the moving seasons, which come swinging round in their turn. And that is practically all that concerns him. He lives on the very same soil as that which nourished his ancient ancestors. Now where are we going? Are we to stay where we are, or have we got to get somewhere? And who is headed in the best direction? I think it is the North-countryman who is going to lead. He is working quicker than the South-countryman, and working quicker through an age of, I admit, very ugly industrialism. He is the man who is working out a real service not only to the country but to humanity—the subordination of machinery to leisure.

**E. L. G. W.:** You are on a very big question there. It is very much to be challenged, because supposing you get everybody leisurely and comfortable, would they know how to use their leisure? I very much doubt it. I don't believe this ideal of leisure is altogether sound. We have to have work, and work which keeps us in contact with the soil. If we lose this, we lose our souls.

**L. DU G. P.:** But leisure is the only thing which has ever been productive of human progress, and because of this it is the man who has satisfied his mere earthly needs who has time to say: 'I am a thinking man—I want something more than mere food and warmth and cover, and love—if you like; I want some other vague aspirations of the spirit'. Now there are two ways of getting at that: one is to provide for your physical needs yourself, as we do, and the other is the way of the Southerner throughout all the ages, that is, to be a mere—well, a parasite in the feudal sense on somebody else, and let them do the thinking and the working for you. That is the real degeneration of the South.

**E. L. G. W.:** I don't agree with you. I think the Southerner has a great independence. Now take the Saxon people that you find, perhaps, at their purest, along the South Downs, for instance. You will find they are very independent and as self-centred as the trees or the animals.

**L. DU G. P.:** Oh, yes. But every countryman has got to be self-centred—it is in the nature of things. He is self-centred

because he is cut off from all this change. Up in the North we are making a new rural England right under your very eyes.

**E. L. G. W.:** I'm suspicious about your new England. I feel that these remedies that you are giving us are quack remedies. They have substituted mental concepts for the life of feeling which has caused the simple countryman to keep sane and which gives him a reverence for human values.

**L. DU G. P.:** But you must have ideas of some sort. Feudalism was an idea. Progress is an idea, otherwise you would still perhaps be living in a cave. You get nowhere. Without ideas and the urge to explore ideas and to experiment, you would simply remain in the primordial slime.

**E. L. G. W.:** Of course, we all have ideas. It is when the feeling of the soil is sapped that people become in love with political ideals, such as Communism, Fascism and Capitalism.

**L. DU G. P.:** You are using the word 'ideal' in a very loose sense. You are really begging the question, and you are trying to put me in the wrong by saying that Fascism and Communism are ideals, but that all the nice things that make a nice countryman are something which spring out of his character.

**E. L. G. W.:** Yes, and one of the chief of these is the reverence for human life.

**L. DU G. P.:** That, too, is an ideal. There was no reverence for human life amongst the cave men.

**E. L. G. W.:** You are wrong there. I have lived amongst absolutely primitive people—the aborigines of Australia—they have no warfare. They are less savage than we are. Let me give you an example of North-country behaviour to illustrate my point of view. Take the Southerner when he goes poaching. He goes alone, or perhaps with one pal—or perhaps the pal may be standing the keeper a drink in the pub. He slips through a hedge to visit his snares or scatters his aniseed in a place where he knows pheasants can be taken, or goes out with a torch and a long stick to knock the roosting pheasants on the head. But with the North-countryman poaching is quite a different matter. There you get 40 or 50 young fellows from the nearest industrial town going out by car or train to beat up the woods. And the keepers are so terrified because they get so badly manhandled that they keep indoors until the woods are clear.

**L. DU G. P.:** I think you have mixed the poachers up with our hikers. I think your point about the roughs who go out from the towns applies to any place where you get industrial conditions. After all, wherever you get a large gathering of people engaged in industrialism you will develop a certain degenerate type of character which is due to very bad housing conditions, unemployment, bad factory conditions, and all that sort of thing. But they are not responsible for those conditions.

**E. L. G. W.:** Yet the fact remains that these things occur more in the North than in the South.

**L. DU G. P.:** Simply because we have the factories and you have not. But we are not so well off now as we were ten years ago, and our factories are not working as much. But what is the reason of that? Many people in the North feel that the reason is that the South makes the laws of this country without considering the North over-much. I think the real advantage of the industrial condition is that it has broken down the age-long feudalism which has got hold of the South. Now I have lived in the South and I know what it is like. Normally I am a very lazy person, and yet when I was down in Devonshire I was considered to be fifty per cent. more energetic than anybody else who lived there, although I was a little more lazy there than I am at home. And it seems to me that the general level of farming down in Devon is not as high as that of the Yorkshire Dales. They don't use the same economic aids. Take, for instance, the electrification of farms—a thing that is sure to come. Show me a county in the South where the same sort of thing is being done that we are doing in Derbyshire through the Derbyshire Rural Community Council.

**E. L. G. W.:** I give you that fact—that the North is more mechanically go-ahead and full of material development. But are they happier or better for that? You are talking exactly like an industrialist, not about human values, but about making money or producing things. And I don't care a damn about either of these things: I care about the development of human values.

**L. DU G. P.:** It is no use talking to a man about human values if he is hungry—and we have got to be hungry unless we are an industrial country because we cannot feed ourselves. We are over-populated, and we have to do one of two things—either feed ourselves, which means bucking up agriculture tremendously, or else export sufficient manufactures to buy food. In either of these cases you have got to improve methods tremendously—you have got to become a commercial people, or else make agriculture pay. In either case it is the Northerner who is doing it.



E. L. G. W.: Perhaps. But my point is that industrialism is not only the controlling of all sorts of human activities, but human thought itself. In Germany or Russia or elsewhere at present you have a tremendous mass-thought, much of which is dictated largely without the people understanding what it means in the least. I believe that is opposed to our national character, and that humanity at present is definitely at the parting of the ways.

L. du G. P.: Yes. We have either got to go forward or back, and it is possible that we can get back to a simple peasantry.

E. L. G. W.: Certainly, and keep our culture at the same time.

L. du G. P.: But could we keep it?

E. L. G. W.: I think so, for even if the great catastrophe were to come, and the population were to drop in three or four years by a very large proportion, the tradition of culture and learning would not be necessarily lost.

L. du G. P.: You are getting a little fanciful. But that question of the parting of the ways is very important. Either you win through to a sane industrialism or wipe out and lose everything that has been done in the way of industrial advance, and confess yourself beaten.

E. L. G. W.: You may win through your industrialism. I hope we do. And, I hope, to something that has more respect for human life and individuality than the modern theories of State control.

L. du G. P.: The North has that sense of respect for human values at heart and also for State control.

E. L. G. W.: Very possibly, and for this same reason the people of the North are at a different stage of development from the people of the South, and that difference varies very much with locality.

L. du G. P.: Exactly. We are ahead of you. We in the North must advance. Civilisation goes along two parallel lines—one of cultural development which includes all the arts and artistic crafts, and the other one of economic development, which includes all the manufactures of the necessities of life. We in the North have developed further along the mechanical side, and possibly not quite so far along the cultural side of civilisation, although it is rather strange that Mr. C. B. Cochran should come to Manchester first to see if his plays will do, and that they have there the Hallé Concert Hall and the Hallé Choir. We are very musical up in the North. Anyway, the reason for this is that we haven't had time to do both since the Industrial Revolution. A hundred years ago, before the Industrial Revolution, we were too far away from London; and so we are saving up the arts until we have won that leisure towards which we are working, whilst you in the South have been loafing and living on the products of the North. Ever since the Industrial Revolution you have lived parasitically on the work of the North. You have been our middlemen. You have stood between us and our customers and you have taken toll of us on the way. There is more in that than a mere joke. That is one of the things the Northern business man thinks.

E. L. G. W.: You say that civilisation goes along two parallel lines—one of cultural development which includes all the arts and artistic crafts, and the other of economic development which includes all the things which manufacture the necessities of life. That is all very well. I agree with the distinction between the two possible lines, but I think that the South has chosen the better part, and that the danger is that the North in developing the material will forget all about the cultural or spiritual side of man's needs.

L. du G. P.: I think that the trouble with the Southerner is just lack of initiative. In the North if we cannot make one thing pay, we try another. We believe it is necessary to industrialise agriculture. We have to get right away from your simple countryman of the South who is no good even at his own job—farming. You have got to bring Northern industrial methods to bear on the Southern farmer if you are going to do any good. We are electrifying the whole of Derbyshire, and in ten years' time we shall have electrified most of the farms in Derbyshire.

E. L. G. W.: And then, no doubt, think you have made the millennium. In the South we are suspicious of mechanical industry and we do not particularly want that sort of thing. As it is, we are losing our national character fast enough. It is rapidly disappearing, not necessarily through the viciousness of the North, but through the viciousness of the system.

L. du G. P.: Now you are arguing for the peasant farm—for a return to the simple farms of years ago. The man who lived on his own farm was a very fine fellow, but he can be equally fine, surely, if he works with electricity.

E. L. G. W.: That sounds a very fine argument to me. But the Southerner might be able to conceive farming on his own lines and produce something that is essentially worth while, even within his country life, provided that the Northerner does not come butting in with his worship of making money. You spoil the people that way, and the countryside itself.

L. du G. P.: We don't spoil anything at all. We have a 'Save the Countryside' movement. We are in touch with all the power companies, and whenever they are putting up a power cable they come to us. We go over the ground, we plot it out, and decide where it shall go, without spoiling the amenities of the

countryside. We are saving every inch we can of the country.

E. L. G. W.: Yes. But what for? Can you tell me that? A large park, in which your industrial millions can come and play; but you are not going to keep it as something having its own life. A garden for industrial democracy. That has been done in the North, in Lancashire. The Rivington Pike is a very fine piece of moorland country. If you go up on to these moors they look very nice, but if you sit down, your clothes and your face are covered with black smuts although you appear to be far away from a town. It is because of the soot and filth of industrialism, borne into the air all the time. The park is spoiled, and that is typical of Northern enterprise.

L. du G. P.: But you must know that the smoke which spreads over the land means prosperity, and we are proud of it. Up in Sheffield when a man gets up in the morning and sees a clear sky he is depressed, because he knows that it means that the blast furnaces are not going. Actually I have never seen such clear skies in Sheffield as during the last four years. It is terrible, and I should be very happy to see that dark cloud hanging over Sheffield again, because it would mean life and happiness to the people there, instead of the terrible unemployment they have today. We are getting over that phase, you know. The more we electrify all these factories and so on, the more we shall do away with the black smoke that you object to.

E. L. G. W.: I can see you are a hopeless case. From my point of view there is only one answer, and that is we still have to prove the value of Northern enterprise that you talk so much about. Is it going to lead us into a catastrophe which will wipe out the whole thing? That, the future will answer. But we have come to the conclusion that the North has made industrialism largely, and in so far as they have led that development they have lost to a certain extent their countrymen's characteristics. I give you that they are quicker-witted, more on the spot, and more pushing. They have created industrialism, and we are now tasting the fruits of it. It is still unproved what we are going to get out of it—good or bad. It seems to many people that the present state of the world is so critical that the whole of civilisation is threatened as a result of this industrial development. If it goes down in the smash it will have proved itself a failure. On the other hand, there is a possibility that it may come through, and in that case we may say then that the Northerner has led us to something better. If it goes smash then those who are left will see that the Northerner has led us wrong.

L. du G. P.: Yes. The real question is: What is the future to be? Is it going to develop a sane industrialism, or can you make any kind of future by trying to preserve a moribund past?

E. L. G. W.: But can you have a sane industrialism? Is there not in industrialism something which has the seeds of death in it?

L. du G. P.: There may be. But you have never been able to make any advance without taking a risk. All human advance has been made by the men who would take risks, and for that you want two things—a sturdy character which is prepared to take these risks, and a quick mentality which will see where the thing is going. And that, I think, you find in the North.

E. L. G. W.: I agree that we must take risks, but surely you are taking the wrong sort of risks for the wrong sort of purpose? This is my point. Does not this urge for development come because men have lost their feeling for human values, because they are out for building up surpluses—surplus wealth, surplus leisure? We are building up for ourselves these ideals of security. They are the things which are impossible in life. There is no such thing as security. In so far as we try to make ourselves secure we make somebody else insecure, and consequently, oppressed. This particular ideal of building up security is in itself the poison which is going to destroy us. We can't do it; and in so far as we do, we become degenerate.

L. du G. P.: The Northerner who wants a wider and richer life would say that this simple life is not worth living. The North, after all, with its public utterances and its political practice, is the place which is upholding the true things of the spirit as opposed to the mere seeking for power—things like the liberty of the individual, and freedom; and, what is more, it is going on with the job of developing the physical industrialism of today. Let me remind you of C. P. Scott, and Cobden, and Bright, and so on.

E. L. G. W.: Don't forget that it was your John Bright who said that it is the cottagers who really give the nation its national character. And it seems strange for you to say that the North is upholding the things of the spirit when it is so deeply committed to the industrialism which produces poison gas.

L. du G. P.: Ah, yes, if it produced only poison gas! But it produces other things as well, and I think it is the inefficiency of the leading and political factions of this country, which exist in the South, that placed us in the position where poison gas becomes necessary.

E. L. G. W.: But have you ever noticed that most of our leaders are not English at all?

L. du G. P.: Yes, that's quite true. This country is run by the Celtic race—by Scotsmen, and Irishmen and Welshmen for the last few hundreds of years. What we want is a little Home Rule for England.

E. L. G. W.: Hear, hear! I'm glad we have found something that we can agree upon.



## Current Musical Topics—VII

## Berlioz and 'Romeo and Juliet'

By FRANCIS TOYE

IT is not often that we have a chance to hear Berlioz' great dramatic symphony, 'Romeo and Juliet'. As he himself observed, the instrumental and vocal forces required need such careful preparation that a successful performance is anything but a light undertaking. It is one of his most characteristic works, the conception as a whole being as original as the treatment. There is no question here of just re-telling in music the story of Romeo and Juliet; it is rather a meditation on the aspects of Shakespeare's tragedy that made an especial appeal to Berlioz' highly romantic imagination. We should never forget that to the Romantic Movement Shakespeare appeared in a very different light from that in which he appears to us. He was the very embodiment of revolt against the conventions; he was ferocious, grand, barbaric. It was precisely this which so endeared him to Berlioz, who, in this instance, as always, interpreted him entirely in accordance with his own personal idiosyncrasies.

What may be called the emphases of 'Romeo and Juliet' will possibly seem strange to a modern. Friar Lawrence and Queen Mab, for instance, take on a wholly unexpected importance; the passion and the despair rather than the youth and the love of the protagonists become the objects of principal interest. When Berlioz heard Bellini's 'The Montagues and the Capulets' he disapproved, a single duet apart, of what he considered, not without reason, to be the excessive formality of the treatment of the subject, for Bellini, being an Italian and living when he did, cannot be said to have been affected by the Romantic movement at all. It may be doubted, however, if Berlioz' exclusively romantic approach brought him in reality very much nearer to the spirit of Shakespeare and the Renaissance generally. Probably the matter is of no importance. Each age should, and must, interpret a masterpiece of art in accordance with its own idiosyncrasies.

From the purely musical point of view, 'Romeo and Juliet' is undoubtedly one of the most original works ever penned. Doubtless the use of a chorus and soloists in a symphony was directly due to the influence of Beethoven's Choral Symphony, but the scope and the design of the work as a whole was entirely Berlioz' own. Doubtless the absolute originality of the orchestration of the Fantastic Symphony, written only a year or two previously, was even more remarkable; but in 'Romeo and Juliet' there is greater delicacy, perhaps greater skill. In this respect all the 'Queen Mab' Music should be singled out for attention. Alike in spirit and in treatment it definitely anticipates the Fairy Music in the last act of 'Falstaff', admittedly among the most inspired pages of an acknowledged masterpiece written more than fifty years later. Saint-Saëns said that, compared with it, the delicacy of Mendelssohn's effects in 'Midsummer Night's Dream' seemed positively gross. But then Saint-Saëns considered 'Romeo and Juliet' Berlioz' absolute masterpiece. Wagner, on the other hand, though he found much to admire, regretfully dismissed the work as a whole as a failure, and said that it was a thousand pities that the composer had not taken it to Cherubini for criticism and advice!

Where two such eminent judges disagree so fundamentally, more humble mortals can only listen to the dictates of their own instincts and tastes. That is always true, of course, of all music, but of Berlioz' music, perhaps, more than any other. One thing is certain: it is impossible to understand or appreciate it at all without some familiarity with Berlioz' life and very peculiar temperament. A short account of these, therefore, seems the best general approach to the subject.

Berlioz, the son of an exceptionally intelligent and sympathetic country doctor, was born in 1803, and died in 1869. A typical product of French romanticism and its ally, Napoleonism, we find examples of these characteristics in

almost everything Berlioz did, wrote, or thought. Indeed, a study of the works of, let us say, Stendhal and Théophile Gautier is, perhaps, the best introduction to the compositions of Berlioz.

When he gave concerts abroad he sent back accounts to Paris for insertion in the Press that read like bulletins from Napoleon's *Grande Armée*. Like such bulletins in general, moreover, they always told of 'unprecedented successes', 'electrifying victories', and so on. Yet Berlioz died, as he had lived, a poor man! He loved the exaggerated expression of his age. His favourite oath (in his milder moods) was *feux et tonnerres*; his favourite adjectives were chosen from such bombastic twins as 'satanic and volcanic', 'monstrous and Shakespearean', 'Babylonian and shattering'.

Like a true Romantic, he cherished misery for its own sake, though, poor fellow, he had little need to go out of his way to cultivate it. He loved drama—on one occasion he planned a murder and suicide, and he actually attempted the latter with the idea of impressing Harriet Smithson—and, above all, the macabre. Once, in Florence, he paid a *paolo* to touch the hand of a dead girl.

The description of the removal of the remains of his first wife to share the tomb of his second reads like an episode from his own Fantastic Symphony; it is difficult to say which Berlioz enjoyed the more, the dramatic union in death of the two women who had in life hated each other so bitterly, or the gruesome incidents of the proceeding itself. Few of us nowadays can appreciate the strange blend of shuddering pleasure; but readers of Byron will understand.

What may be called the accidents of his career only serve to emphasise the disharmony of Berlioz. The only instrument that the great master of orchestral sonorities, the composer who sighed for a 'hundred trombones', played was . . . the guitar. His principal means of subsistence was musical criticism; yet no man ever had a less critical brain. He knew only hates and enthusiasms, loving Beethoven, Gluck and Spontini, hating most of all Rossini and Meyerbeer, caring nothing about Bach, Handel, or Palestrina.

He despised the Conservatoire, yet a sinecure at that institution often stood between him and starvation. He preached musical revolution, yet disapproved of his great fellow-revolutionary, Richard Wagner, whose 'Tannhauser' was preferred by the Paris Opera to 'Les Troyens'.

But it is in his relations to women that Berlioz is seen in his most characteristic aspect. Unfortunately, there is no space here to do the subject justice, nor, perhaps, is it entirely suitable for treatment in an English paper. Everybody who knows anything about Berlioz at all is familiar with the saga of the actress Harriet Smithson. Few, however, realise that between the time that he first saw her on the stage—she was playing Ophelia in Paris—and the time when he actually made her acquaintance, he had a violent love affair with another lady, a pianist and the mistress of one of his friends. This lady he called 'Ariel', just as Harriet was always 'Ophelia', and, speaking generally, it is true to say that he was in love with Shakespeare rather than with either of them. He certainly loved Miss Smithson far better when he did not know her than when he did. It would have been well for both if they had never met, and if Harriet had only gone down to posterity as the lady *against* whom the Fantastic Symphony was written, instead of the fat, drunken, jealous wife of Hector Berlioz.

Poor, ridiculous, pathetic, unhappy, glorious Berlioz, so quintessentially the child of the vices and the virtues of his time! How delighted he would have been to know that in 1934 his music had begun to make an impression on the hearts of the compatriots of Shakespeare! '*Succès foudroyant à Broadcasting House. Exécution merveilleuse. Orchestre excellentissime*'.



## Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns

### Oxford Movements of Today

Dr. Russell's article on Oxford is misleading in that it attempts to give a local significance to tendencies which can be observed just as well in other universities. War and free speech are not 'simple questions', and it is wrong to say that controversies over them, when occurring elsewhere than in Oxford, are unnoticed. The Armistice Day disturbances at Cambridge, and also the protest made against the film, 'Our Fighting Navy', are just as significant as events in Oxford. Equally significant have been the developments at East London College, Reading University, University College London, and the Regent-street Polytechnic, in connection with the growing resistance of undergraduates to the danger of militarism.

To put this anti-militarist tendency on the international level, I may mention, out of numerous possible examples, last summer's affair at City College, New York—in which twenty-nine undergraduates were expelled and all college clubs and newspapers suppressed, as a result of anti-war demonstrations. So much for 'simple questions', and activities 'peculiar to Oxford'.

Oxford

D. L. W. KAHN

### Broadcasting and Controversy

In your editorial in THE LISTENER of January 3, you state, 'It would, in fact, be now difficult to think of any controversial subject which has not received treatment or discussion at some time before the microphone in this country'. Two great questions leap to my mind each affecting millions of people. The government of India upon which the House itself is very much divided, yet held in leash. On this subject Mr. Winston Churchill ought to have had an opportunity to state his views. The other question is that of Rationalism. We now hear and read much about the Sinai Codex, but no exponent of Rationalism is allowed to the microphone to broadcast his criticism of the Gospels. Nor did I hear—which may have been my neglect—on the recent centenary of Mr. Bradlaugh any reference on the air to the debt this generation is under to him for his valiant fight for freedom of speech and conscience. It seems to me from what the Director of Talks said the other night that the Editor's blue pencil eliminates the free and honest expressions of opinion except so far as they would please a bench of bishops; and truth should be more honoured than orthodoxy.

Dundee

J. A. P.

[The answer to our correspondent is as follows: (1) Mr. Winston Churchill. See the first page of this issue of THE LISTENER. (2) Rationalism. A broadcast talk on Bradlaugh was given by Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe at the time of the centenary celebrations last year, and was published in THE LISTENER for September 28, 1933. From time to time other talks expressing the Rationalist attitude have been given, as, for instance, in the series on 'Points of View', 'The Future Life', etc.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

### Scientific Impartiality

It is interesting to hear Professor Levy (in your last issue) exposing the 'myth of scientific impartiality', and also Mr. Julian Huxley denying the idea of science as a 'disembodied sort of activity'. Most psychologists already hold that every decision we make is very considerably influenced, if not determined, by our previous experience and belief.

May I, therefore, carry your memory back to the issue of THE LISTENER for April 26, in which you asserted that a book by 'Allen Hutt—The Condition of the Working Class in Britain—was pseudo-scientific', without disproving or even presenting a single fact from it. And in the subsequent issue you explained that you so labelled the book because 'it is coloured on almost every page with the author's . . . prepossessions'. There is a remarkable parallel between this phrase of yours and Professor Levy's: 'Any statements they [scientists] make must inevitably be coloured by their own social . . . prejudices'. Does it make any essential difference to the contradiction of views if I add that the word omitted from your sentence is 'communitistic'? Are the facts collected and analysed in Mr. Hutt's book any the less true because, presumably, his prepossessions are communitistic? I hesitate, Sir, to believe that, in so responsible a capacity as

yours, you have publicly castigated an author because his personal prejudices happen to differ from your own.

King's Lynn

JOHN PEARSE

[Our correspondent's quotation from Professor Levy is incomplete. The passage reads as follows: 'Thus it must always be Science, Education, Art, for a purpose. But science proceeds by attempting to eliminate this purposive feature. It treats questions objectively, and therefore in itself cannot offer any solution to our social ills. It can only be called in like the plumber once we know the kind of house we want or the type of water system. It is for that reason that I think the recent proposal to get scientific bodies to make pronouncements qua scientists on matters of social or industrial policy must be doomed to failure, since any statements they make must inevitably be coloured by their own social, and also therefore scientific, prejudices'. Thus Professor Levy's meaning is exactly the opposite of what our correspondent suggests. Pure science uses the objective method of enquiry. But scientists, as human beings, cannot be free from prejudice. Therefore it is only in so far as they keep their prejudices reduced to a minimum, and make allowance for their existence, that they can think and work in a truly scientific manner. Also prejudice is less dangerous, because less easy to conceal, in the exact sciences (mathematics and astronomy—for instance) than in the less exact—and especially in the so-called 'social sciences', where scientific method cannot yet be followed in its purity. It is in these borderland branches of science that pseudo-scientific writings, or propaganda masquerading as objective truth, need to be shown up by honest critics—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

### Science and War

In answering the several letters that refer to mine of December 6, I must first correct an error of interpretation which, I fear, is to some extent my fault. I had in mind to imply by 'making war more terrible and dangerous', the making of war more terrible for civilians as well as troops. Let me state the gist in a somewhat different form. One approach to peace is to aim at keeping war as safe as possible—abolishing all and inventing no more 'civilian' weapons. This is to a large extent the attitude adopted by disarmament conferences. The delegates seek abolition of gas, air and submarine warfare, as one important measure. Another approach is to make war as horrible as possible for both troops and civilians; inventing more terrible weapons against which there is no defence; and ensuring that in the event of war these weapons will be used.

My contention is, as expressed in the letter I quoted, that 'attempts to shift the horrors of war exclusively on to the shoulders of troops is a definite setback to the true cause of peace'. The converse, i.e., that to make war more one in which the civilians will take part is an advance towards peace, is to some extent true. Whatever may be the feeling of the nation, it rests with the powers-that-be to declare or divert war at the critical moment, and we have evidence that they do not like the look of it at all for them—civilians—if these new weapons are used.

Mr. Fancourt wants 'scientists to become pacifists and refuse to do scientific research for war'. Mr. Moignard says they 'should have nothing to do with it'. 'Research Chemist' supports the idea of a 'scientists' code' but realises some of the difficulty involved in carrying out any idea to limit the scientists' work for war. In the past the pure scientist (in Mr. Moignard's sense) has contributed towards the new and terrible weapons as much as any anti-social applier of science, and I see no reason why history should not repeat itself. This is one of the reasons why I have recently been led to the opinion that until the day of universal peace and confidence arrives, the scientists should try and put the fear of utter destruction into the minds of all individuals in the civilised world. The scientists can still be pacifists—unless, as I said, the desire to try out the weapons becomes too strong.

Leicester

SCIENTIST

### Our Colour Supplement

Knowing your efforts to introduce modern thought on art subjects to the public I am very disappointed in your idea of appropriate typography and illumination to express the King's Broadcast as given in your Colour Supplement.

Ditchling

H. LAWRENCE CHRISTIE



## Poster Art

With reference to my use of the word 'obscene' to describe the majority of advertisement posters, I would like to point out to your correspondents that the word is not always used with the implications they seem to associate with it. There is a perfectly normal use of the word which the *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary* gives as 'offensive to the senses or the mind; disgusting, filthy', and that was actually the sense in which I used 'obscene'. The legal sense of the word has recently been admirably defined by Judge Woolsey, of the United States, in his important judgment admitting James Joyce's *Ulysses* into that country. 'The meaning of the word *obscene* as legally defined by the Courts is: tending to stir the sex impulses or to lead to sexually impure and lustful thoughts'. Even in this sense, a good proportion (admittedly not 90 per cent.) of the posters to be seen in London might fairly be described as obscene. It would be rash to mention any particular proprietary goods, but why, to take an example sponsored by a Government Department, should the telephone be advertised by a picture, of no special artistic merit, of a seductive young lady? A telephone is a mechanical instrument, and its mechanism, to a good artist, might have suggested a very effective poster design. Why, then, introduce the lady? What was the motive, conscious or unconscious, in the mind of the artist who designed this particular poster, and of the Government officials who selected it, approved it, and issued it?

One further point I would like to make clear—it was not obscenity, as such, that I was objecting to; it was the low, and increasingly low, artistic standard of English posters. In a work of art, as Judge Woolsey held, obscenity may have its part to play. But the work of art, in the present case, is not under discussion.

Hampstead

HERBERT READ

## Opera Today

It would have been as easy for me as for Mr. Schoen to compile a list of what, with unexpected vulgarity, you call 'worth-while' modern operas. Practically every composer of importance has at one time or another written an opera, and it may be presumed that few of these works are wholly devoid of merit.

But this is not, and never has been, the point. The statement I challenged in my article was that some of them (the operas of Puccini and Strauss were not in question) had succeeded in commanding public allegiance to the same extent as the masterpieces of Wagner and Verdi. I still challenge that statement. A mere catalogue of names is no answer. Even in England a dozen operas or so have been written since the War, but that does not mean that any one of them is firmly established in the repertory and consistently attracts the public. Mr. Schoen must indicate the number of performances achieved, by 'Wozzeck', 'Fra Gherardo' or 'Pauvre Matelot' if he wishes to prove me wrong. Let me insist once more that the merit of these works or the desirability of performing them is not in question. Incidentally, what is Mr. Schoen's authority for describing German opera houses as the products of 'middle-class liberalism'?

London, W.C. 2

FRANCIS TOYE

## National Library for the Blind

Alas for the misunderstandings which brevity breeds! In debating with Mr. Morgan Jones on the wireless, I was anxious to make mention of the admirable work done by the National Library for the Blind, as well as of the National Institute's work, but in the time at my disposal could indicate only the general nature of national services for the blind. Mr. Nelson's statement that the production of books by the National Institute is 'a commercial proposition' would amuse any business man who enquired into the facts. We print—i.e., we emboss—books for the blind in Braille and Moon type. Our printing works are an industrial undertaking, but we sell the product at one-third of actual cost or less, in order to put embossed publications within the reach of the blind at a reasonable cost. The National Library circulates books procured from the National Institute and books written by hand by its voluntary writers and blind copyists. We also produce a certain number of hand-Brailled books for our students' library, as mentioned by Mr. Nelson.

Mr. Nelson's figures, however, perplex me. The National Library last year produced 4,656 hand-written volumes, and procured from the National Institute 5,806 volumes of books in Braille and Moon type and of music (which the Institute also embosses.) It circulated during the year over 302,000 volumes. The National Institute for its part printed over 27,000 volumes

of books, 50,000 pamphlets, 430,000 newspapers and 220,000 magazines. Both the National Institute and the National Library are voluntary societies giving substantial service of an essential character. They are subsidised by the State, but are still vigorously independent, relying mainly on the goodwill of the public for the continuance of their work.

London, W.1

W. MCG. EAGAR

Secretary-General, National Institute for the Blind

## 'Fistral Bay'

Regarding Mr. Guy Landon's letter printed in *THE LISTENER* of January 3, an analysis of my poem 'Fistral Bay' is even harder for me than for him: I seem to remember Socrates encountering some poets who could not supply him with satisfactory interpretations of their verses: but, bearing in mind 'modern poetry and the, at present, uninitiated', I will endeavour.

The first verse is about the horizon. The second verse is meant to convey that a boat on the sea resembles (for the 'I' of the poem) a fortification of secure delimitation; the image is produced to the proportions required, in line seven. The three subsequent lines suggest that the insulation of this body is so absolute that even ubiquitous death cannot invade. The next verse is about life and death (the 'internecine states') and living and dying ('End in ashes, we emulate'). The second portion of the poem, answering the first portion, which is an injunction to the sea, is an injunction to the sky: it is also the 'Apprehension' of the subtitle, 'The Vision, The Apprehension'. The 'world' referred to in the third line of the second portion is the sphere which carries on one side America and on the other China. The 'last wave' means that there were no following waves: i.e., that the sea, which establishes the insulation of the boat, and upon which, by image, the whole poem is built, has probably disappeared. The shores that are descried, since not adjectivally conditioned, might be any shores. The line ending the poem, 'I am alone on the sea', intimates the return to what I may facetiously term 'reality', implying thereby that the sea, which has possibly disappeared, was of unreal or imaginative or poetic or transcendent nature: in other words, an apprehended sea rather than a comprehended sea. The last line means also that, except for the 'I' of the poem, no one else was there.

Worth Matravers

GEORGE BARKER

## Philosophy and Beauty

The conclusion of Professor Alexander's lecture on 'Philosophy and Beauty' seemed to me to have altogether too passive a content. The artist adds something to the materials he is handling and that something can best be described as a touch of the force of life. The artist is capable of passing on this 'charge': most of us are not capable of doing this until stung into activity. The charge, put into the work of art by the artist, has the power to set on move or to stimulate intellectual and emotional forces in those who see or hear that work of art. The maker must start with something in his personality which can be spilt into the work before it can be labelled an artistic creation. And herein lies the value of beauty. It is the connecting-rod joining up the artist with the ages that follow him. In this way what was really vital in the artist is passed on, enlarging others' lives and setting other creative forces to work.

London, S.E.1

CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

## Latin in Schools

Your editorial remarks on the views of Dr. Norwood and others on the coming 'no room for Latin', stir again the ever-recurring regret. I heard 'Q' give two School Speech-day addresses on 'The Humanities' in which he pleaded strongly for the wide fields of classical lore, and I expect Sir Arthur has not modified his advice. Through a long Headship I tried to persist in it, and indeed started even in Greek a voluntary class. But university entrance Greek was dropped; then later came the blow at Latin, in place of which a science subject may be taken or two modern languages. The checks on Latin, referred to in your issue, are strangely at variance with your fine pages by C. M. Franzero on Imperial Rome. It is a pity that ancient Rome and Greece, with their powerful and educative histories and authors, should be blotted out of a youth's life. Years ago I heard a speaker say, in terms that hooked my memory: 'There were 200 years of Greek history in which there were greater men, in State, literature, art, military and naval affairs, in oratory and law, than there have been in all the 2,000 years since'. Rome comes not far behind.

Watton

B. B. HARDY



## Books and Authors

## Fashion in Biography

Louis XV and his Times. By Pierre Gaxotte. Cape. 12s. 6d.

Milton. By Rose Macaulay. Duckworth. 2s.

Reviewed by I. M. PARSONS

THESE have always been fashions in literature, in all countries and in almost all times. In England we have been particularly prone to them, from the time of the Elizabethan Tragedy of Blood—those incredible, Italianate dramas which mixed magnificent poetry with Madame Tussaud horrors—down to our own times. And today, more than ever before, books tend to be mirrors of fashion, the creatures of an hour. Why? With so many thousands of books being published every year (last year it was over 11,000), the problem, one would have thought, would be to *avoid* writing like other people. One imagines the successful author, two-thirds of the way through his new book, waking up one morning to find that another well-known author has stolen his thunder. Poor fellow, one thinks, how desperate he must feel. Not a bit of it. He returns to his work with redoubled vigour, confident that 'nothing succeeds like success'. He may even hope that his rival's book will be as successful as his own, that between them they may start a fashion in this kind of biography, novel, or whatever it may be, a wave on whose back he may perhaps be able to float another book before it dies.

Take the fashion in War books, which lasted from 1929 to 1931. For ten years after the War hardly anybody wrote anything about their experiences. A few poems, a novel or two, that was all. Then, suddenly, a German writer named Zweig put down his experiences in a Russian prison-camp and scored a notable triumph. Emboldened by his success, other writers took up their pens and gave us accounts of War in all its aspects. A spate of War books followed, and among the *débris* which it brought down were one or two books by writers who were out to do something more than satisfy a temporary public interest. Such writers were not strictly followers of fashion. They would have written their books in any case. But the prevailing interest provided an opportunity; perhaps, in some cases, it even supplied a necessary incentive to put pen to paper. And that is the best, I think, that can be said for fashion in literature.

But the influence of fashion goes deeper than the mere question of subject, of what an author may choose to write about. It is apt to affect the very manner in which he treats his subject when chosen. Nowhere, for example, is this more evident than in the case of biography. During the greater part of the last century hero-worship in biography was the rule. The Victorians, for all their greatness, suffered almost universally from an inner lack of confidence and had a morbid passion for pedestals. Tennyson occupied one for a considerable time, much to the detriment of his poetry. But with the turn of the century reaction set in—a reaction that eventually went as far in the direction of iconoclasm as the Victorians had ever been in the direction of hero-worship. Idol-smashing took the place of idol-mongering, and mud became more popular than whitewash. Today, the pendulum has swung back again, or at least there are signs that it is beginning to do so. For example, in Monsieur Pierre Gaxotte's history of Louis XV. M. Gaxotte is very far from attempting to discredit his hero, or even to make fun of him. On the contrary, he is convinced that Louis' previous biographers have maligned him, and that it is high time the unfortunate King had fair treatment. Accordingly he shows us Louis as an infant of five, thrust rather unexpectedly on to the throne vacated by his great-grandfather, Louis XIV, whose remarkable abilities he was expected to reproduce. Poor little Louis was taken to parties, and made to dance in ballets, all of which had the most far-reaching and disastrous results. In after-life he never recovered from his dislike of crowds, and he developed a constitutional inability to speak his mind to anyone, except when in a rage. If he wanted to dismiss a servant he had to resort to a letter.

We watch him grow up through the years of his uncle's regency, and later through the long ascendancy of his tutor, Fleury. At fifteen he was married, and at twenty-seven he was the father of ten children. But as we read on it becomes steadily clearer that Louis was not really cut out to be a King, however

much his biographer would like us to think so. He had ideas, true—good ideas—and he left France prosperous in many ways; but he had not the necessary strength of character to be great in a position which continually demanded greatness. When he died, the Revolution was already in sight.

Is this a good biography or not? A historian, perhaps, would be best qualified to answer that question. For this book strikes me as a good, general, comprehensive history rather than as biography proper. It gives you a picture of every side of life under Louis, from the art in which Boucher and Chardin excelled to the complicated financial manoeuvres of that strange expatriated Scotsman who has been called the first modern banker—John Law. Judging from the translation—always rather a rash proceeding—it is not a work of very great literary merits, or pretensions. It is a plain, straightforward account of people and events, with only occasional lapses into dramatic paragraphs. And it is written by a man with a very clear conception of what he thinks about his subjects. If you are interested in the story of France before the Revolution you will certainly like this book.

Another example of the trend of the times is Miss Rose Macaulay's short biography of Milton, which appears in Messrs. Duckworth's series of 'Great Lives' this week. Miss Macaulay is content to give us a chronological outline of Milton's life, the main facts and dates, and to leave the rest to us. She is not interested in Milton's psychology or in any particular conception of his character. The most she will venture is that the poet was a curious mixture of good and bad, kindness and obstinacy, personal charm and overweening vanity. For the rest, her attitude is objective and detached. 'Here are the facts', she says, in effect, 'make of them what you can'. It is not, I am afraid, a method of which some biographers would approve. They would regard it as history rather than as biography: the story of Milton's life, but not the presentation of his personality. Too many facts, they would say, and too few conclusions.

But there is something to be said on the other side. To begin with, this is a 'short life', not strictly a biography, and certainly not a full-dress portrait. To present in 150 pages a coherent interpretation of Milton—supposing such a thing to be possible at all—would require a miracle, or something very like it. But is it possible? I doubt it. Milton's nature was far too complicated and contradictory to fall within the limits of a single psychological type. At Cambridge he got into trouble for criticising both the Dons and the curriculum, and all his life he was argumentative, self-opinionated, and apt to be priggish. Yet his friends found him attractive, charming, and an excellent conversationalist. His first wife ran away from him after a year, stayed away three years, during which Milton wrote the *Divorce Tracts* in which she is publicly ridiculed as a deserter and a dunce. Yet he subsequently had four children by her, and married twice more before he died. He held passionate views on liberty, both in Church and State, and fought for it all his life. Yet he was said to be harsh to his nephews, he was certainly intolerant of any opinion but his own, and his lifelong attitude to women, whom he regarded generally as little better than servants, was nothing short of barbarous.

As for his writings, who is going to take it upon himself to find a suitable label to cover the author of 'Lycidas', 'Paradise Lost' and the pamphlets against Episcopacy? Milton disliked bishops almost as much as Swift eventually disliked Whiggery, and when it came to writing scurrilous pamphlets there was little to choose between them. Milton, of course, lacked the Dean's superb gift for satire. His humour is heavy, coarse and pedantic, but he frequently had the advantage of writing in Latin—a language famous for its vocabulary of uncomplimentary words. No, there's no putting Milton into a nutshell or a pigeon-hole. And Miss Macaulay was wise, I think, not to attempt the feat. But I wish she had shown us just a little more of her own feelings about that very singular man, John Milton.



## The Listener's Book Chronicle

**East Anglia.** By R. H. Mottram  
Chapman and Hall. 8s. 6d.

LESLIE STEPHEN USED TO SAY that it took three generations of browsing in a library to make a scholar. Equally a good book about a county, or a distinct region can only come from one who is of its flesh and blood. Though Mr. Mottram was warned that East Anglia would not attract the reading public—Devonshire or Yorkshire might, but not East Anglia—he persisted with true East Anglian pertinacity, and he has presented a delightful book to disprove his mentor's pessimism. It may be that his candid friend under-estimated the hold of the Norfolk Broads on the holiday-maker, or of the Nordic myth on the Anglophile. Or perhaps he was right, and East Anglia is not yet on the popular map. If not, Mr. Mottram's most pleasant and readable book will do much to put it there. Mr. Mottram gets a good start in his first chapter, when he links up geography and food. Norfolk turkeys and Norfolk dumplings everybody knows, but who save the real East Anglian has heard of, and having heard, does not wish to sample, coquilles (small buns moulded in the shape of a palmer's shell and eaten on Shrove Tuesday) and those Norwich hollow biscuits that are 'nonpareil with cheese'? Before the reader has passed a score of pages he comes upon that surprising picture—'taking the waters at Thetford'—which of itself would drive him further into the book. Not that he will need driving: he will read on out of sheer interest. For Mr. Mottram's book is no guide-book. Its aim is not to tell the tourist what to gape at. Guide-books are cemeteries of dead matter: they tell you dead facts about dead people, and are, commonly, a-piece with the older forms of geography and history. They are written by bores for bores. Mr. Mottram's book, unlike the conventional guide-book, aims at giving his readers the freedom of East Anglia. That province is to him a living entity: its people, its traditions, its habits of life and thought, its history, its natural features are one in their humanity and their comeliness. He writes to make the reader know and understand, and he does it astonishingly well. To one criticism it is open: it may lead too many people to East Anglia. That quiet area escaped the distorting influences of industrialism: it would be sad to have it disfigured by the demands of tourism.

**Landscape Gardening.** By Richard Sudell  
Ward, Lock. 21s.

Year by year, books on gardening grow more elaborate. Lists of flowers and their varieties, of shrubs and trees, increase in length; apparatus becomes more complex and more efficient, manuring and soil treatment more of a science. The specialist triumphs, and the art of gardening becomes more rarefied. At the other end of the scale the amateur multiplies, snapping up the unconsidered trifles thrown off by the specialist in his expansive moments; the result being that gardening today is styleless and chaotic. Big estates are broken up, and the average garden is smaller in size than ever before; but to be in the fashion, it must hold more and pretend to more, than ever its cottage predecessors did. So there is undoubted need for the 'garden architect', if only to sort out ideas and plans, and tell us what is appropriate where. Unfortunately garden architects have to live, and landscape gardening is an expensive hobby. Therefore they must cater for rich clients with large estates and at the same time do the best they can for poor ones with small plots. A modern treatise on landscape gardening can hardly escape being eclectic: and Mr. Sudell's new book is no exception to the rule. He tackles the problem before him, none the less, with the most efficient equipment in his power—photogravure illustrations, diagrams, tables and calculations, plant directories and glossaries, and every other aid to clarity that can be imagined. He begins by enunciating certain principles which are really warnings: the modern gardener has too great a wealth of ideas to choose from, his temptation is to try too many of them; skill lies in selection, and virtue in a determination to plan *before* construction, not *after*. Use nature as much as you can, and above all, preserve proportion in whatever design you adopt—these are Mr. Sudell's golden rules. These are rules for the avoidance of mistakes, rather than for the creation of original masterpieces of garden design. But granted these limitations of modern gardening, the remainder of Mr. Sudell's encyclopædic work follows logically and wisely from his premises. He leads us through the intricacies of design,

explains the mechanism of lay-out and construction, shows how paths and drives are made, warns us of the dangers which arise where house and garden meet—and then branches off into the special forms of gardening, the formal garden, the water garden, the use of trees and shrubs, lawns and their care, and so forth. In every case Mr. Sudell remembers the different classes of his readers, the small gardeners and the great, and gives each the advice which is appropriate to circumstances. That advice is up-to-date, and always carries the conviction that comes from expert knowledge based on long experience. Gardeners will have to look well before they can find another volume so comprehensive and so readable as *Landscape Gardening*.

**My Struggle.** By Adolf Hitler  
Hurst and Blackett. 18s.

Just ten years ago, in 1924, this book was written—while Hitler himself was under detention in a fortress, his cause to outward appearance lost: it is published when he has achieved a power more absolute than the pre-War Chancelleries of Europe could have imagined possible. An Appendix, in which is set out the Nazi Party Programme of 25 points, formulated and published to the world in 1920, concludes—"The leaders of the Party swear to go straight forward—if necessary to sacrifice their lives—in securing fulfilment of the foregoing points". Unswervingly that Programme has been pursued, consistently realised to an incredible extent in a mere decade, and in a mode that has alarmed and horrified the world. And just twenty years ago, in 1914, the world was, somewhat similarly, though considerably less, alarmed and horrified. Kaiser-worship has been replaced by Hitler-worship: but the world knows what to expect of Hitler: he has no diplomat's reserve: he speaks his mind: his actions have followed his words with unusual consistency: and from this book of his, which he considers 'profitable for the movement' and offers 'not to strangers' but to 'adherents of the movement', he himself believes 'there is more to be learned . . . than from any purely doctrinaire treatise'.

This book—which in its English edition is much abridged, not too well translated, and bears signs of haste in production—consists of two parts: firstly, some autobiography by admirably selected incidents showing the evolution of his political convictions, with some *obiter dicta* of political and social theory that are exasperating by their muddled statement: and, secondly, a series of rather dogmatic assertions of political principle, illustrated by personal experience. The autobiography is best: we can see with sympathy the Austrian village schoolboy developing the conviction that the German tongue he spoke was the symbol of a common culture and a single race: his sturdy patriotism, like Shakespeare's, bred of the natural beauty of the land which bore him, was shocked when, in pursuit of a profession, he moved to Vienna and saw from nearer ground the ridiculous posturings of the Hofburg; saw, too, its glittering wealth in glaring contrast with the sweated misery that was its economic basis, and the futile condescension of the bourgeois attempts at mitigating that misery; 'watched stealthily and cautiously', in a welter of cosmopolitanism that puzzled and eventually antagonised his country-bred and not too quick wit, a Jew in 'long caftan'. His political orientation thus somewhat negatively set, there remained its integration as a rationally communicable body of principles. And here he fails, he speaks of 'deep' studies, of 'dealing exhaustively with a problem'; but his book gives no indication of capacity for either. As a long shot, it might be surmised that his political education is based on propagandist pamphlets, café conversations, and political club debates.

With his ardent patriotic enthusiasm thus aglow, his mind set by instinct, but filled with a good deal of incoherent thinking that yet showed some real insight, he joined, on August 3, 1914, not an Austrian, but a Bavarian regiment. With his high sense of duty and his growing disillusionment most of the fighting men of all combatant nations can sympathise: for Germans alone was reserved that special humiliation that falls on the leaders of the vanquished. Stunned momentarily by that fall, and the shame of it, his patriotic ardour soon breaks into a devouring flame: the Hapsburg Empire is gone; press forward with the brotherhood of Germans that knows no Emperor—neither Hapsburg nor Hohenzollern: the economic crash that followed military defeat proves that neither futile pre-War socialism, corrupt with



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careerism, nor international Jewish finance and big business holds any solid hope; they both must go, and Hitler's war-born skull-cracking mood brooks no long standing upon the order of their going. Germany, under Hitler, is a world force to be reckoned with, even more than under the Kaiser; for Hitler, with all his faults, is wise enough to realise that Germany, if 'poorer by one great hope', has become 'richer by one experience'. Hitler admires, respects, has even some regard for the British peoples: it is good that an English edition of *My Struggle* is available for those who have eyes to see beneath the soil of achievement that is not all to be laid to Hitler's personal account.

### Costume and Fashion. Vol. VI. The Nineteenth Century. By H. Norris and O. Curtis. Dent. 25s.

The first two volumes of this series, dealing with early European dress, and English dress from 1066-1485, have already appeared. The third, on the Tudor Period, is expected shortly; and the publication of this last volume out of its turn is due to the fact that work relating to it was complete. It has a composite authorship, all the illustrations and most of the costume descriptions being by Mr. Curtis, whilst Mr. Norris is responsible for the more practical side of the subject and the text relating to historical facts and social life. Altogether there are two hundred illustrations in black-and-white and twenty-seven colour-plates, and these deal as comprehensively with the subject as is possible in a book of 249 pages. Costume designers will find no difficulty in understanding the illustrations, which are excellent from every point of view. There are also diagrams of patterns and enlargements of detail where necessary. The descriptions given by Mr. Curtis are lucid and concise. Each article of both male and female attire is dealt with separately in the six sections into which the period is divided. Children's dress is referred to now and then. There is also some indication of colour and material and a brief survey of the various accessories which changing fashion demanded. On the evidence of the foreword Mr. Norris is apparently responsible for the general commentary on social life which introduces each section, and it is unfortunate that he has not been so successful an interpreter as when in the earlier volumes he was sole author. It seems to have been his intention to depict the reactions of manners and people on fashion and by this means to interpret the social spirit of the age. But his descriptions are inchoate and fragmentary. They are interesting as gossip and anecdote and the casual reader will no doubt find them attractive. The student, however, trained to expect a real mastery of subject from Mr. Norris, will be disappointed. In spite of this inadequacy the volume more than fulfils its claim to be authoritative and comprehensive. It is much more than a book of reference. It is a particular knowledge of an age as necessary to the truth of things as are the facts of politics or economics. And the chief merit of this book to the general reader will be that in the fidelity of its interpretation lies what is perhaps the most convincing indictment of an age which had almost limitless wealth in its control and yet went about its daily business in clothes that are for the most part revoltingly ugly.

A bibliography of contemporary sources of information, and a list of the portraits of the period with the galleries where they can be inspected, would add considerably to the value of the book as a guide to designers and students.

### Poet: A Lying Word. By Laura Riding. Barker. 6s.

All the poems in this book have one subject: the subject of poetic truth. It is not a new subject to poetry; indeed, in a sense, it has been the subject of every poet. For every poet has expressed, consciously or unconsciously, the belief that poetry contains a profound and immediate, a unique order: the poetic truth. Laura Riding, however, is occupied entirely in isolating this poetic sense of truth. She regards it not only as transcending but as contradicting and changing the common world presented by the 'hostile implements of sense'. Nor can it be truly rendered in the images of that world:

What is God and what the devil  
If tree-metaphors suffice  
To tell immediately off?

And, in fact, her poetry is not built up with metaphors. Instead, its figures form a strict symbolism, and these poems are, as it were, their definitions. Thus her symbol for truth is 'Death. the final image', conceived as the opposite of the worldly senses:

Death's long precision while  
All things undo themselves  
From sunhood, living glory.

Finally, she disentangles the passionate compromise between the senses and the spirit, in which most poets have ended their search for poetic truth. For the poet, she explains, is always compelled

To be a creature of both mouth and mind,  
But to be by name a poet,  
As if a third order where but two struggled  
Were the ambiguous peace thereof.

It is because she regards the poet as fatally enmeshed in this compromise that she dubs him in her title *Poet: A Lying Word*. Like Laura Riding's earlier collection, *Poems: A Joking Word*, this is a book of complete self-assurance and certainty. It does demand to be read precisely. And it has itself the precision, almost the severity of grace, which is expressed in

Forgive me, giver, if I destroy the gift!  
It is so nearly what would please me,  
I cannot but perfect it.

It is a book for everyone with a sustained interest in poetry.

### Exploring the Animal World. By Charles Elton Allen and Unwin. 3s. 6d.

As Mr. Elton is Director of the Bureau of Animal Population at Oxford, it is natural that the underlying purpose of the talks which are published in this book should be to enlist volunteers for his growing company of enumerators. He would have frightened off possible helpers if he had spoken learnedly of ecological research or the interrelation of species, so he simply set out to create the appetite for exploration. Once that is done the question why certain forms of animal life favour certain places soon presses for an answer. You choose the stretch of woodland or moor or pasture you wish to survey and patiently study its life by day and night during, say, May and June. The task is slow and absorbing and can be exciting. On the one hand there is a rich though intangible harvest from having spent long periods of silence in beautiful places; on the other hand, when the survey is completed, the rough estimates recorded (some have to be rough, because one cannot, for instance, count the heads of wood-ants in a four-acre wood), and the evidence sifted and co-ordinated by the research bureau, there is a definite contribution to knowledge. That is the practical side; it is only glanced at in the body of the book but more fully explained in an appendix. The average reader will most appreciate the skill of the author, for conveying, in graphic style, the joy of the discoveries to be made in small areas by intensive study. In these fifty-mile-an-hour days, the change of tempo to 200 yards in four hours can be refreshing. Like most naturalists Mr. Elton has a profound respect for the 'Web of Life' theory. 'When once you start interfering with one kind of animal', he says, 'you cannot tell quite where your interference will lead to'. Even so, he comes down rather more than some may approve, on the side of regulation as against 'leaving things to Nature'.

### An Outline of Religion for Children

By E. R. Appleton. Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.

Most parents have uneasy moments when they consider the religious education of their children. Even if they have very little concern for their own religious lives, they are usually, anxious that their children should be put on the right road. But religion is such an immense subject, and the average person's knowledge is so meagre, that the difficulty of it all too frequently results in its being ignored, or treated in a very perfunctory fashion. Mr. Appleton's book solves the problem of the intelligent presentation of religion to children from the Christian standpoint. That is a tremendous statement, but less can hardly be said of this notable volume, which almost tempts one to use such words as 'amazing' and 'stupendous'. When the book was first announced quite a number of people, including some with an intimate knowledge of the religious education of children, wondered whether it were possible for Mr. Appleton, or for anyone else, to 'bring it off'. He has 'brought it off', and has produced a volume which justifies its title.

Although it is written from the Christian point of view, Mr. Appleton has cast his net widely, and introduces the young reader to other religions, showing how they differ from Christianity, and how in many cases they represent progress from a lower type of religion to a higher. He writes in an interesting and flowing style that has the invaluable quality of being eminently readable—an essential characteristic of a book intended for children. He displays the same intimate sympathy with the child mind in this volume that has made his famous 'Joan and Betty' Sunday afternoon broadcasts so popular with young listeners. Although it is a book which will interest almost every child who



can read, it will be of the greatest value when read with, or under the supervision of, a sympathetic adult, for religion is a subject which demands more than book study. Incidentally, the vast majority of adults will have their minds broadened and enlightened by a reading of this volume. Some experts of religious education may feel that they would have performed the task a little differently, but he would be a bold man who would suggest that he could have done it better. A final word of commendation should be added for the many delightful illustrations, and for the general format of the book.

**Explorers All.** By C. Collinson. Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.  
**S.O.S.** By D. Masters. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 8s. 6d.

Here are two books which can be recommended to all who like stirring adventure in real life. The first is an issue in book form of Mr. Clifford Collinson's delightful broadcast talks given on Sunday afternoons in the spring about such pioneers of world exploration as Marco Polo, Cortes, Magellan, Pizarro, Drake

and Mungo Park. The freshness of the talks is happily preserved in the printed page. 'For me', says Mr. Collinson, 'in my boyhood, explorers ranked about equally with cowboys and redskins, cannibals and engines and I read with avidity every book that I could get hold of which fed my devouring curiosity and interest in such subjects'. This is, perhaps, the major reason why Mr. Collinson's yarns grip the attention. Told by an adult, a boy's enthusiasm underlies the narrative. An admirable account of Nansen's epic journey concludes the series. The brief bibliographies at the end of each chapter are a welcome guide for further reading. Mr. David Masters' *S.O.S.* is equally stirring, though in less admirable style. It is confined to the sea and tells not of adventures sought but of dangers incurred in the daily round of duty and met with that courage and sacrifice which is the great living tradition of the sea. The accuracy of the stories is guaranteed. They are taken from Lloyd's records and all have won the rare distinction of the Lloyd's Medal. The heroic endurance of the woman and the girl in the chapter 'Keepers of the Light' should be known in every girl's school and Women's Institute.

## Looking Back on Eton

**Memories of an Eton Wet-bob of the Seventies.** By G. C. Bourne. Oxford University Press. 4s. 6d.  
**College at Eton.** By Eric Parker. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

THE FIRST OF THESE BOOKS is decidedly the better of the two. As their titles suggest, neither can hope to appeal to a very wide public; but the late Dr. Bourne, though his book sounds even less promising than Mr. Parker's, deserves attention from dry-bobs as well as wet-bobs, and also from many who have no idea of the difference between one bob and another, or any wish to enquire further into the subject. *College at Eton* is concerned with those past and present Etonians who are distinguished from their fellow-men by the fact that at the age of twelve or thirteen they were elected Scholars of the College. There are always seventy of these King's Scholars at Eton, living together in College, in more beautiful surroundings than the other members of the school (who are called Oppidans, and live in houses), but with precisely the same chances of distinguishing themselves for better or worse. Mr. Parker, in his attempt to describe the activities of College in the last ninety years, has naturally relied on his own memory for the time when he was himself a King's Scholar (which happens to be roughly the same period as that in which Dr. Bourne was at Eton as an Oppidan), and for the rest either on reminiscences of people from whom he has made enquiry, or on certain documents written by successive generations of young men for the purpose of private record rather than publication. Accordingly his book is lively, sentimental and sometimes inaccurate, in those parts which are written from his own memory or from that of his friends, and in other parts frankly tedious. Thirteen of the twenty-four chapters, for instance, are devoted to the history of College athletics, and three more to the College Debating Society, because written records of these kinds of activity happen to exist; the consequence is that this part of the book is dull, and incidentally gives quite a wrong impression of the importance of athletics and oratory in the life of College.

But Mr. Parker has set out to do more than tell of the activities of College: he has tried to describe 'the purpose and the spirit which have come to animate Collegers as a body'. Since he thinks he knows the spirit not only of the College that he knew personally, but also of College as it has been in the fifty years since he left, he naturally does not hesitate to assert (for example) that this spirit was 'nearly lost as one of the unforeseen consequences of the War'; nor does he seem to have doubted his capacity either to discover the facts or pronounce judgment on them. The closing chapters are consequently less dull than the earlier but even more misleading.

Dr. Bourne, on the other hand, is neither pretentious nor controversial. His book has hardly any form; but a fresh mind, a pleasant personality and a sense of style are evident from the start, and the book's abrupt conclusion (due to the author's death) comes as a disappointment to the reader. One need not be either an anatomist or a rowing-man to enjoy Dr. Bourne's development of the thesis that gorillas would make poor oarsmen, especially the passage in which he shows that one reason why Dr. Warre agreed with him was that he too had always laid

great stress on the use of the buttock-muscles. The psychologist will find something to interest him, in the statement, for instance, that 'as I have several times had occasion to observe, ecstatic religious emotionalism is destructive of good oarsmanship'. And for the student of social history there is much evidence here of the change in forms of snobbishness which the last half-century has brought. In 1880, Dr. Bourne tells us, Eton played Association football against South Reading, a side consisting mainly of men employed in Huntley and Palmer's factory. 'We won very easily, but gained no credit by our victory, for it was considered derogatory to the School to have entered for a competition which brought us into contact with such opponents'. Here, and in various other parts of the book, where, for example, the author remarks on the great improvement in the physique of boys and young men in the years which followed his own boyhood, there seems to be evidence that at least in some respects the world in general (and Eton in particular) has improved of late. To those who know anything about the way in which boys at some schools are taught today, such words as these are especially encouraging: 'It has always been a wonder to me why my schoolmasters should have been at so much pains to make the literature of Greece and Rome abhorrent to the majority of their pupils. But in the capacity for making a subject repellent the classical masters were easily out-distanced by their mathematical colleagues'.

JOHN MAUD

## Perpetual Winter Never Known

When the light fails on winter evenings  
And the river makes no sound in its passing  
Behind the house, is silent but for its cold  
Flowing, its reeds frozen stiffer than glass,  
How can one anticipate the dawn, a sudden  
Blazing of sunlight thawing the harshest sky?  
How can one remember summer evenings?  
Must not the tired heart sink and must not fear  
Bite, like an acid, wrinkles in its stone?

Behind drawn curtains, gazing at the fire,  
Think how the earth spins dumb and bound  
By iron chains of frost through death-still air;  
And how in every street the sealed windows  
Are orange cubes of firelight, how in houses  
Cuckoo-clocks imitate the spring, candles are  
Suns. Perpetual winter never known,  
Families warm their hands and wait, nor  
Ever doubt the season's transience.

DAVID GASCOYNE



# Discussion Group Directory

In this and the next issue we are publishing a full list of wireless discussion groups under formation or in existence at the present time. Any listeners wishing to join groups and requiring information should apply to the Area Secretary for his district

## WEST MIDLANDS AREA

Secretary of the West Midlands Area Council for Broadcast Adult Education, c/o B.B.C., 282 Broad Street, Birmingham

WEST MIDLANDS AREA			PLACE OF MEETING		SUBJECT AND DAY OF WEEK*
Secretary of the West Midlands Area Council for Broadcast Adult Education, c/o B.B.C., 282 Broad Street, Birmingham					
CITY OF BIRMINGHAM			PLACE OF MEETING		SUBJECT AND DAY OF WEEK*
Aston.	Burlington Hall	..	..	..	S
Bearwood.	6 Beakes Road	..	..	..	M
Birmingham.	Chamber of Commerce	..	..	..	S
"	16 City Chambers, Broad Street	..	..	..	S
"	262 Corporation Street	..	..	..	S
"	Severn Street School	..	..	..	S
Bournville.	Fircroft College	..	..	..	S
"	157 Hay Green Lane	..	..	..	M
Dale End.	Y.M.C.A.	..	..	..	M
Duddeston.	49 Lister Street	..	..	..	S
Edgbaston.	25 Spring Street	..	..	..	S
Erdington.	Technical School	..	..	..	F
Kings Heath.	Evening Institute	..	..	..	R
Little Bromwich.	Blakeland Street Hall	..	..	..	S
Saltley.	Evening Institute	..	..	..	S
"	Training College	..	..	..	M
Selly Oak.	Woodbrooke	..	..	..	M
HEREFORDSHIRE					
Hereford.	Public Library	..	..	..	A, S
"	Training College	..	..	..	Various
"	Y.M.C.A.	..	..	..	E
Kington.	School House	..	..	..	S
King's Pyon.	The School	..	..	..	W
Weobley.	Hall of Remembrance	..	..	..	M
SHROPSHIRE					
Dawley.	National Service Centre	..	..	..	V
Ludlow.	Dinham Hall	..	..	..	S
Shrewsbury.	Public Library	..	..	..	M
Wellington.	Y.M.C.A.	..	..	..	J, M
STAFFORDSHIRE (SOUTH)					
Bilston.	Frazer Street School.	..	..	..	F
Darlaston.	Parish Church Institute	..	..	..	S
Stafford.	Public Library	..	..	..	E, S
"	National Service Centre	..	..	..	V, W
Walsall.	Public Library	..	..	..	S
"	114 High Street, Bloxwich	..	..	..	S
Wednesbury.	Commercial College	..	..	..	K
Wolverhampton.	Chamber of Commerce	..	..	..	S
"	Y.M.C.A.	..	..	..	M
WARWICKSHIRE					
Ansley Common.	The School	..	..	..	S
Coventry.	Public Library	..	..	..	S
Fenny Compton.	6 Northend Road	..	..	..	O
Henley-in-Arden.	Council School	..	..	..	S
Leamington.	9 Priory Terrace	..	..	..	F
"	19 Binswood Avenue	..	..	..	M
"	Leicester Street School	..	..	..	F, W
Nuneaton.	Redlingsfield, Weddington	..	..	..	W
Warwick.	The Firs	..	..	..	F
Willoughby.	The School	..	..	..	O
WORCESTERSHIRE					
Bromsgrove.	Private houses	..	..	..	W
Evesham.	Public Hall	..	..	..	D, J
"	Prince Henry Grammar School	..	..	..	S
Halesowen.	National Service Centre.	..	..	..	D
Kidderminster.	Kasedrian Club	..	..	..	F
Malvern.	Technical School	..	..	..	F
Offenham.	Avoncroft College	..	..	..	S
Whittington.	College for the Blind	..	..	..	K
Worcester.	Civic Centre for Unemployed	..	..	..	Various
"	Y.M.C.A.	..	..	..	M
NORTH-WESTERN AREA					
Secretary of the North-Western Area Council for Broadcast Adult Education, Broadcasting House, Piccadilly, Manchester					
LANCASHIRE					
Accrington.	Public Library	..	..	..	O
Adlington, nr. Chorley.	St. Paul's School, Railway Road	..	..	..	M.
Ashton-under-Lyne.	Richmond Hill Church	..	..	..	O
Barrow-in-Furness.	St. Mark's Church Hall	..	..	..	—
Blackburn.	Unitarian Church, Limbrick	..	..	..	O
"	Technical College	..	..	..	D
PLAID OF MEETING					
Bolton.	Public Library	..	..	..	M
"	Labour Club	..	..	..	—
Burnley.	Central Library	..	..	..	O
"	Byerden House Club, 191 Colne Road	..	..	..	O
"	Independent Labour Party, Thurston Street	..	..	..	M
"	Unemployed Girls' School, Sion Baptist School	..	..	..	J, Q
"	Unemployed Service Centre, Church Street	..	..	..	J, Q
"	113 Grey Street	..	..	..	M
"	Burnley and District Society for the Blind, Brown Street	..	..	..	M
Darwen.	Unemployed Centre, Bridge Street.	..	..	..	S
Denton.	Technical School	..	..	..	M, S
Droylsden.	Evening Institute, Fairfield Road	..	..	..	—
Great Harwood.	Labour Hall	..	..	..	F, M, W
"	Occupational Centre, Town Hall Street	..	..	..	—
Haslingden.	Public Library	..	..	..	M
Leigh.	Public Library	..	..	..	E
Little Hulton.	St. Paul's School	..	..	..	M
Liverpool.	Ancient Chapel of Toxteth	..	..	..	M
"	Central Y.M.C.A., Mount Pleasant	..	..	..	J, Q
"	Dovecot Service Club, 18 Grant Road	..	..	..	F, O, S
"	Church Road Service Club, Stanley	..	..	..	K
"	Grafton Street Service Club	..	..	..	J
Manchester.	National Library for the Blind, 5 St. John Street	..	..	..	O
"	School of Art, All Saints	..	..	..	—
"	212 Hill Lane, Blackley	..	..	..	O
"	H.M. Prison, Strangeways (Private)	..	..	..	F, O
"	Friends' Meeting House, Mount Street.	..	..	..	M
"	Moston Lane Girls' School	..	..	..	E
"	Hague Street Special School, Newton Heath	..	..	..	S
"	Oldham Road Day Continuation School, Newton Heath	..	..	..	H
"	Byrom Street School	..	..	..	SM
Morecambe.	Private houses	..	..	..	M
Oldham.	Fellowship Club, New Radcliffe Street, Rochdale Road	..	..	..	F, H, P, S
"	Maudsley Street Unemployed Centre	..	..	..	J
Ormskirk.	Evening School, Aughton Street	..	..	..	—
"	Unemployed Welfare Centre	..	..	..	J
"	Edge Hill College	..	..	..	T, W
Pendlebury.	Public Library	..	..	..	S, W
Preesall.	Pilling Lane School	..	..	..	F, S
Prescot.	Toc H Hut	..	..	..	F
Preston.	Friends' Meeting House, St. George's Road.	..	..	..	W
Salford.	Regent Club, 59 Regent Road	..	..	..	D, F, J
"	'Emery' Centre, Bromley Street, West Liverpool Street	..	..	..	Morning talks
Southport.	Kenworthy's Hydro	..	..	..	K, M, Q, R
Tintwistle, nr. Manchester.	Independent Chapel	..	..	..	B
Tyldesley.	Public Library	..	..	..	M
Walkden.	Worsley Technical School	..	..	..	SI, SP
Warrington.	Meeting place not arranged	..	..	..	W
Westhoughton.	Social Service Centre, James Street.	..	..	..	F, S, W
Wigan.	Juvenile Instruction Centre, Dicconson Street	..	..	..	H, P
CHESHIRE					
Altrincham.	Public Library, George Street	..	..	..	—
Bebington and Bromborough.	Occupational Centre.	..	..	..	J
Birkenhead.	North End 33 Club, Duke Street	..	..	..	J
Cheadle.	53 Bulkeley Road	..	..	..	S
Congleton.	Unemployed Centre	..	..	..	D, J, M
Hale.	Eastcote, Delahays Road	..	..	..	M
Hoylake.	Y.M.C.A., Birkenhead Road	..	..	..	M
Macclesfield.	Public Library	..	..	..	O
Sale.	Springfield School	..	..	..	S
Stalybridge.	Hob Hill School.	..	..	..	F
Stockport.	Hillgate Unemployed Centre	..	..	..	J
"	Friends' Meeting House, Lower Hillgate	..	..	..	W
Wallasey.	Unemployed Centre, St. Paul's Road	..	..	..	H, P
Wincham.	Wincham Hall, nr. Northwich	..	..	..	M, S
Winsford.	Winsford Occupational and Social Centre, Arcade	..	..	..	F, M, O, S
CUMBERLAND					
Oughterside.	Unemployed Welfare Centre	..	..	..	—
Parton.	Unemployed Centre	..	..	..	C, D, M, P, W
Pica.	Unemployed Centre	..	..	..	O, S

\*Key. A—British Art (Sunday, 2.40 p.m.); B—Pillars of the English Church (Sunday, 5.30 p.m.); C—Living in Cumberland (Monday, 10.45 a.m.); D—Sports and Pastimes (Monday, 3.15 p.m.); E—Economics in a Changing World (Monday, 7 p.m.); F—The National Character (Monday, 7.30 p.m.); G—The Far East (Monday, 9.20 p.m.); H—The Wise Penny (Tuesday, 10.45 a.m.); I—Life as I See It (Wednesday, 10.45 a.m.); J—For the Unemployed (Tuesday, 11 a.m.); K—German (Tuesday, 6.50 p.m.); L—Scotland Today and Tomorrow (Tuesday, 7.30 p.m.); M—Whither Britain? (Tuesday, 8.30 p.m.); N—For Farmers Only (Wednesday, 7.5 p.m.); O—Some British Institutions (Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.); P—The Week in Westminster (Thursday, 10.45 a.m.); Q—Events at Home and Abroad (Thursday, 11 a.m.); R—Spanish (Thursday, 6.50 p.m.); S—Industrial Britain (Thursday, 7.30 p.m.); T—Foreign Affairs (Thursday, 9.20 p.m.); U—Commonsense and the Child (Friday, 10.45 a.m.); V—Gardening; Talks (Friday, 7.10 p.m.); W—The British Empire (Friday, 7.30 p.m.); X—Keyboard Talks (Friday, 6.50 p.m.); Y—Weather House (Wednesday, 9.20 p.m.); Z—Inquiry into the Unknown (Friday, 9.20 p.m.).

SB—World History (Monday, 2.30 p.m.); SL—Tracing History Backwards (Thursday, 2.5 p.m.); SM—King's English (Thursday, 2.30 p.m.); SI—What's the News? (Tuesday, 4.5 p.m.); SP—Life and Work in the British Empire (Friday, 2.5 p.m.).



PLACE OF MEETING	SUBJECT AND DAY OF WEEK*	PLACE OF MEETING	SUBJECT AND DAY OF WEEK*
<b>DERBYSHIRE</b>		Pocklington. 'Karaburnum', The Mile .. .. .	F
Derby. Unemployed Men's Brotherhood, Babinton Lane	—	Pontefract. Adult School .. .. .	O
Glossop. Glossop League of Social Service, Market Street	D, J, F, K, Q, R	Richmond. Depot School, Green Howards Regiment ..	K, O, S, W
New Mills. Social Service Club, Market Street ..	D, J, S	Rotherham. Public Library .. .. .	M, S
<b>WESTMORLAND</b>		Sheffield. Christ Church, Wadsley Bridge .. .. .	—
Kirkby Stephen. Council School .. .. .	M, S	" Wicker Congregational Church .. .. .	F, H, O, S, W
<b>YORKSHIRE</b>		" Training College .. .. .	M, NA
Secretary of the Yorkshire Area Council for Broadcast Adult Education, c/o B.B.C., Albrechts Buildings, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds		" Wisewood Sr. Cl. School .. .. .	X
Appleton-le-Moors. The Vicarage .. .. .	N	" Manor Community Council .. .. .	K, P, Q, M, O
Arksey. Bentley Unemployed Centre, near Doncaster	D, F, Q, V	" Don Road Unemployed Centre .. .. .	E, J, O, W, V, Y
Armley. Public Library .. .. .	S	" Unemployed Men's Social Service Club .. .. .	D, E, Q
Armthorpe. Evening Institute, Mere Lane .. .. .	O	Shipley. Technical College .. .. .	O
Barnsley. 2 Taylor Row, Sheffield Road (Adult School)	O	Skipton. School of Science and Art .. .. .	W
" Y.M.C.A. .. .. .	W	Snainton. Council School .. .. .	F
Beverley. Victoria Barracks .. .. .	M, SL, SM	Snapthorpe. Council School .. .. .	—
Eingley. Morton Vicarage .. .. .	F	Thirsk. Marycot, Cowesby .. .. .	S, W
Bishop Thornton. Roseberry Cottage .. .. .	S	Thorne. Evening Institute .. .. .	M
Bradford. 26 Arncliffe Terrace (Adult School) ..	S	Thornton. Thornton School .. .. .	S
" Salem Congregational Church .. .. .	T	Treeton. Evening Institute .. .. .	W
" Congregational Church, Frizinghall .. .. .	F	Wakefield. H.M. Prison .. .. .	S
" Socialist Club, 1 Rawson Market Chambers ..	T	" Social Service Club .. .. .	O
" 117 Duchy Road, Daisy Hill .. .. .	W	" Y.M.C.A. .. .. .	F
" Unemployed Centre, West Street, Leeds Road	P, Q	Wilberforce. School House .. .. .	NA
" Y.W.C.A. .. .. .	O	York. Social Unemployed Centre .. .. .	C, I, P
Bramley. Public Library, Hough Lane .. .. .	S	" Y.M.C.A. .. .. .	—
Bridlington. Rushbrooke Cottage, Marton Road	S	" Rowntree & Co. .. .. .	O
Brodsworth. Unemployed Centre .. .. .	D, O, P	" Kirk Hamerton Vicarage .. .. .	F
Broomfleet. School House .. .. .	S	" New Earswick (Adult School) .. .. .	F
Burmantofts. Y.M.C.A., 75 Windsor Street ..	G, J, O, Q		
Castleford. Unemployed Centre, 10 Commercial Street	C, I, Q, W	<b>WESTERN AREA</b>	
" W.E.A. .. .. .	W	Secretary of the Western Area Council for Broadcast Adult Education, c/o B.B.C., 23 Whiteladies Road, Clifton, Bristol	
Catterick. Y.M.C.A. Hut No. 1, Catterick Camp ..	F, M	<b>CITY OF BRISTOL</b>	
Cleckheaton. Community Centre .. .. .	D, M, Q	Barton Hill. University Settlement .. .. .	Q
Cleethorpes. Unemployed Centre .. .. .	D, J, Q, W	Bristol Bridge. Bristol Trades & Labour Council ..	W
" Thruscoe Road .. .. .	NA*	Clifton. Mrs. M. E. Greenall's house .. .. .	W
Doncaster. Highfield Social Centre .. .. .	E	East Bristol. Y.M.C.A. .. .. .	W
" Woodlands Social Centre .. .. .	—	" Y.M.C.A. Unemployed Centre .. .. .	W
" Hyde Park (Adult School) .. .. .	O	Redland. John o' London Literary Circle .. .. .	M
" Junior Instruction Centre (Boys) .. .. .	C, D, H, J, P, Q	St. Ambrose. Unemployed Centre .. .. .	—
" Junior Instruction Centre (Girls) .. .. .	H, J, P, Q	St. James Square. Unemployed Welfare Centre ..	D, E, O
Eston. 11 Flora Street, Church Lane .. .. .	K, M	<b>GLOUCESTERSHIRE</b>	
Featherstone. Miners' Welfare Institute .. .. .	O	Cheltenham. Unemployed Club .. .. .	W
Foggathorpe .. .. .	S	Cinderford. Educational Settlement .. .. .	M
Folkton. School House .. .. .	S	Cold Ashton. Church of England School .. .. .	—
Glusburn. Technical Institute, Cross Hills .. ..	M	Dursley. Mr. E. Barrett's house .. .. .	M
Golcar. Socialist Club, Scarr Road .. .. .	O, T	Gloucester. Unemployed Centre .. .. .	M
Grimsby. 258 Hainton Avenue (W.E.A.) .. .. .	M, O	Hanham. Kleen-e-ze Brush Co. .. .. .	F
" 72 Cooper Street .. .. .	M	Haresfield. Mr. V. Hurdle's house .. .. .	S
Halifax. Clare Road (Adult School) .. .. .	M	Painswick. Mrs. E. A. Hall's house .. .. .	M
Hambleton. School House .. .. .	NA	<b>SOMERSET</b>	
Harome. School .. .. .	F	Clutton. Mr. I. C. Hoyal's house .. .. .	S
Harrogate. Central Library .. .. .	W	Draycott. Mrs. Packer's house .. .. .	M
Healing. Arden Court .. .. .	NA	Wells. Mr. F. Brooks' house .. .. .	F
Hedon. 15 Church Lane .. .. .	NA	" Unemployed Club .. .. .	—
Helmsley. Lady Feversham's C.E. School .. ..	F	Wookey. Methodist Church .. .. .	—
Holme. The Beeches, Holme-on-Spalding Moor	O	<b>WILTSHIRE</b>	
Huby .. .. .	R	East Knoyle. Rev. E. Cross' house .. .. .	S
Hull. 242 Spring Bank (Sunday Association) ..	F	Salisbury. Mr. P. S. Eastman's house .. .. .	T
" East Hull Men's Institute .. .. .	F	" Y.M.C.A. .. .. .	S
" Ward IV, The Sanatorium, Castle Hill ..	O	Warminster. Mrs. M. Penn's house .. .. .	S
" Junior Instruction Centre .. .. .	School Talks and D, Q		
" Unemployed Centre, University College ..	F, P, Q	<b>IRELAND</b>	
Ingrow. Labour Club, Ingrow, Keighley .. ..	O	Belfast. National Union of Y.M.C.A., 37 Linenhall Street	D, G, I, Z
Keighley. Co-operative Men's Guild .. .. .	F, J, O, P	" Y.M.C.A., Shankhill Road .. .. .	D, J, Q
" Friends' Meeting House .. .. .	NA	(To be concluded next week)	
Keyingham. East Mount .. .. .	NA		
Kirbymoorside. Senior School .. .. .	F, NA		
Leavening. Council School .. .. .	S		
Leeds. St. Agnes Church Institute, Beckett Street	M, S		
" Esperanto Society, 21 Miles Hill Crescent ..	K		
" Skilbeck Street Mission .. .. .	J, P		
" Blind Workers' Association .. .. .	O		
" Public Library, Woodhouse Moor .. .. .	W		
" Public Library, Dewsbury Road .. .. .	W		
" Public Library, Burley .. .. .	M		
" Compton Road Library .. .. .	W		
" St. Jude's Occupational Centre, Hunslet ..	SB, SL, F		
Low Bradfield .. .. .	NA		
Malton. Women's Adult School .. .. .	F		
Masham. C.E. School .. .. .	—		
Middlesborough. Education Settlement .. .. .	J, K, O, P, Q, R, W		
" Unitarian Church .. .. .	O, W		
" Junior Instruction Centre .. .. .	J, P		
Morley. Unemployed Rooms, Zoar Street .. .. .	M, O		
Nafferton. Middle Street .. .. .	S		
Newport. School House .. .. .	—		
Normanby. Unemployed Club .. .. .	M, S		
Normanton. Adult School .. .. .	S		
North Frodingham. School House .. .. .	S		
Otley. 35 The Crescent .. .. .	W		
Penistone. Unemployed Occupational Centre ..	J, M, O, P, Q, S		
Pickering. Rosedale Cl. School .. .. .	S		



Map to illustrate Sir Algernon Aspinall's talk on the British West Indies on January 19

\*NA—North Regional Programme (Tuesday, 7.30 p.m.)



## Background for Dr. Johnson

Johnson's England. Edited by A. S. Turberville. Oxford University Press. 2 vols. 42s.

WHAT IS IT THAT MAKES THE ENGLISHMAN, like the Frenchman, regard the eighteenth century as the culminating age of excellence in 'Life and Manners'? Copiously illustrated volumes recording the life and manners of the nineteenth, and even the twentieth centuries, will no doubt in their time appear; yet readers and students will still keep returning to the age of Johnson, and the age of Voltaire and Rousseau, for some elements of beauty and youthful vigour that are lacking in the later stages of West European history. Nor can comparable satisfaction be obtained by travelling backwards. Elizabethan England has her rich volumes, but the material, particularly the pictorial material, is comparatively thin; whilst Stuart and Cromwellian England have hardly yet attracted the attention of social historians. Only upon the age of Johnson has such a full light been cast that we can easily gain an almost personal acquaintance with the chief actors, and can examine almost every detail of the scenery in front of which they strut. And what scenery! A Lacroix could indeed outbid us in descriptions of aristocratic elegance and luxury, as well as of the plastic arts. But to compensate for this, we have superiority in adventure and exploration, in agriculture (where it was we who taught France, not she us) and industry, in provincial rural and town life and in sport. This was the last century, too, in which England was England, and before the misnomer 'Britain' had been imposed upon her by immigrant Scotsmen, Welshmen, and Irishmen. England still ruled herself, had a culture of her own, and felt within herself a springing virility as agriculture and industry took on new forms rich with promise for the future. And of this England, not yet submerged in something wider, Johnson is the undisputed representative—the nearest summation of John Bull and his qualities possible within the limits of one human personality.

If we apply Johnson to Johnson's England, as depicted by these two dozen or more specialist writers, what do we find? First, that the range of the man's interests and wisdom was much wider than we commonly allow for. Apt pronouncements by Johnson head almost every chapter of this book, those on music, taste and gardening as well as those on London life, industry, social problems, religion, travel, and so forth. 'The visitor to Johnson's England', says Mr. Turberville in his Preface, 'can have no better guide than the Doctor himself. . . . The outlook of Johnson upon the men and the institutions of his time was extraordinarily sane and well balanced'. Those institutions were in the main in a static and even lethargic condition during most of his lifetime—the church, the army, Parliament, the law, and the universities. This lent stability to the background of Johnson's life; yet actually a revolution was in progress for most of its duration, an economic and social revolution. But Johnson never showed in the slightest degree that foreboding anticipation of social upheaval which was common among the French aristocracy for a generation before 1789. The roots of his confidence and serenity, which enabled him to analyse his surroundings with such acuteness and common-sense, are found in the conditions which this synthesis, *Johnson's England*, describes.

Any survey of the social life of an age which is bounded arbitrarily by the birth and death of one man must seem incomplete at many points. This is true of *Johnson's England*, which is so comprehensively treated by its authors that we are sorry to see their chapters prevented by this Procrustean necessity from covering the whole span of the eighteenth century. In some cases, such as the theatre, a cycle of change is completed within the period 1709-1784; in others, such as medicine or painting, it is incomplete, and therefore not fully significant. There are also omissions, regrettable omissions, from the subjects treated of. Politics are left out, though the divorce of political from 'social' life is surely unreal, and the 1709-1784 period has a political unity (rule and fall of Whiggery) not possessed in many other cases. More strange is it to find philosophy and literature out of the picture, the former especially, since science, mathematics and astronomy are allowed in. This has the effect of elevating Priestley in importance as compared with Adam Smith, and depressing Berkeley and Hume to the level of casual references. To compensate for this room is found for several chapters which summarise aspects of the century in a form not easily accessible elsewhere—the chapters on taste, for instance,

by Osbert Sitwell and Margaret Barton, on the interior of the house, by Oliver Brachett, and on authors and booksellers, by W. R. Chapman.

No appraisal of these two volumes could omit the illustrations. Any idea that the sources of contemporary illustration of eighteenth century life have become exhausted must be upset by the appearance of so much new wealth in this book. A hundred and sixty reproductions from contemporary books and paintings, have been collected by the Press to illustrate fewer than 800 pages of text; and a great proportion of these illustrations are unfamiliar and unhackneyed. They make their own worthy contribution to that atmosphere of hardihood and serenity which makes the age of Johnson so attractive to our own distrustful and unquiet age.

Sir James Jeans' *The Universe Around Us* has reached its third edition in a revised and enlarged form (Cambridge University Press, 12s. 6d.), incorporating the new knowledge that has been gained since the book first appeared regarding the neutron and the electron and—at the other end of the scale—the expansion of the universe and cosmic radiation. Dean Inge's *England*, now re-issued in a new edition (Benn, 18s.), has also undergone considerable revision; the author announces in his Preface that 'the too strident Conservatism, which was possibly excusable in the year of the General Strike, has almost disappeared'; that, while profoundly believing that Communism means slavery, he recognises the necessity of some rationalising of industrial competition by private control; and that he does not think that there is any deterioration in the national character. The new additions to the *World's Classics* (Oxford University Press, 2s. each) are *Reading at Random*—an anthology of passages which have appeared in other *World's Classics* volumes, chosen by Ben Ray Redman; and *English Critical Essays, Twentieth Century*, chosen by Phyllis M. Jones, which, in addition to such well-established papers as W. P. Ker's on Pope, Max Beerbohm's on Ouida, T. S. Eliot's on Johnson's 'London' and 'Vanity', F. L. Lucas' on Browning, contains some that have only been published in periodicals—E. M. Forster's on Cowper, G. M. Young's on Gabriel Harvey—and one, Herbert Read's on Gerard Manly Hopkins, that now appears in print for the first time.

## Report on Crossword No. 199

The presentation of a Cross-number in symbolic form proved a welcome innovation, and we have to congratulate a much larger number of successful competitors than usual. The possible starting-points were 11 and 28 Across and 22 Down, but an early determination of  $l$ ,  $m$  and  $n$  yielded a rich harvest. A very limited number of trials should have sufficed. One competitor found logarithms of service in determining approximate values of D, E and G, the most difficult part of the problem. The four right-angled triangles seem to have caused no trouble, but not every competitor recognised that 29 Down was the area of a triangle having  $u$ ,  $v$  and  $w$  as sides.

Prizewinners: C. A. Adams (Crouch End); H. Bell (Stockport); A. J. Borin (Manchester); J. A. Chalmers (Durham); P. Coleman (Seaford); H. S. Cotterill (Manchester); D. Edwards (Hillingdon); D. F. Ferguson (Repton); J. Foister (Caterham); H. H. George (Merton Park); Miss B. H. Goodwin (Dewsbury); J. C. Horton (Liverpool); W. A. Jesper (Haxby); J. Keen (Beckenham); G. P. Kingham (Manchester); W. Langstaff (Chiswick); C. W. Leon (Cardiff); F. G. Maunsell (Southampton); J. W. Notman (London); D. Nuttall (Manchester); T. G. Powell (St. Helens); H. Roe (Barking); A. C. Ruffhead (Harrow); H. W. Stockman (Ealing); W. J. Thompson (Hereford); W. E. Thrift (Rathgar); G. G. Torkington (Edinburgh); and E. P. Whitcombe (Bewdley).

1	7	4	9	7	8	2	2	3	7	1
5	7	3	3	7	4	0	8	0	9	5
2	3	6	5	5	0	0	5	8	5	0
8	5	8	0	3	2	2	6	5	0	0
8	3	6	4	9	2	1	2	9	7	8
5	6	0	1	6	7	1	8	7	0	9
1	5	2	3	8	0	3	6	8	1	1
2	1	9	8	1	1	5	8	5	2	7
2	8	1	7	1	3	1	6	1	6	3
2	4	3	6	5	1	6	9	4	2	0
1	8	1	6	2	5	9	3	4	7	3

NOTES ON 'CROSS-NUMBER X'  
1. Across, etc. An examination of the twelve associated clues reveals that there are four dissimilar right-angled triangles of equal area. This is Dudeney's 'Caterbury Puzzle', No. 107 (the second solution). In the third edition one of the generators (68) is misprinted as 63; hence the clumsiness of clue 11 Across.

18 Across and 22 Down. Since  $l-m-n$  and  $3mn$  begin with the same digit,  $l$ ,  $m$  and  $n$  are probably three consecutive primes which must average from about 70 to 150. Even without the help of 15 Across, it is not hard to discover 137, 139 and 149.

46 Across, etc. Taken from Workman's *Arithmetic, Harder Problems*, No. 25. The relationship is easy to prove, but difficult to discover.



## Whither Britain?—II

(Continued from page 86)

We hear a great deal about the reform of the House of Lords; but surely both Houses of Parliament ought to be strengthened not only for constructive purpose, but to enable them to resist the dangers of dictatorship or violent overturns by a sect or a faction of extremists on either side of politics. No one generation has the right, even if they have the power, to overturn the whole constitution and traditions of our island. No single generation is the owner of all that has been built up here during so many centuries. We are only the trustees and life-tenants, owing much to the past, and hoping, as we have done so far, to do our duty by the future. These enormous political landslides which occur now one way and now the other after some stunt election campaign are harmful both to our trade and livelihood, and to the House of Commons. The voters ought to be able to turn out a government of which they are tired and put another set of men in their places without endangering the whole life and constitution of the country. There ought to be some very much stronger security against violent change in the fundamental laws of our state and society. When such changes have to be made, they should be measured and careful. Everything ought not to be thrown into the melting pot, just because a particular government is unpopular. It is too great a risk for any state to run, and might easily land us in a great disaster, destructive to our peace and freedom.

Therefore I hold that the House of Lords should be reformed and made into a strong and effective second chamber. It should be different in character from the House of Commons, and its task should be to keep the main structure of our national life beyond the danger of sudden and violent change. We need more structure in our system. John Bull should have strong bones. The House of Commons should also be strengthened and brought more effectively in touch with the active life of the people. Now that everybody has votes, many millions never take the trouble to use them, and millions more have to be whipped up to go to the poll on some claptrap slogan or another. The present state of the House of Commons is most unhealthy. All views should be represented there, and both sides should be heard on every question. If we go on lurching about every few years, now to one side of the road, now to the other, it will not be long before we find ourselves in the ditch. The franchise ought to be strengthened and what is called 'weighted'. There is no need to take away votes from anybody. We should give extra votes to the millions of men and women, the heads of households and fathers of families who are really bearing the burden and responsibility of our fortunes upon their shoulders, and are pushing and dragging our national barrow up the hill. I hope that before this Parliament breaks up it will reform the House of Lords and put it in its proper place in relation to the House of Commons, and also I hope that it will reform the franchise of the House of Commons itself and make it a more true and permanent expression of the real forces that are alive in the nation. We do not want a violent plunge into Toryism, followed by a violent plunge into Socialism, followed by a violent plunge into Fascism; for that would be the end of our free, ancient constitution, and we should come down to the level of those unhappy countries where the ordinary people are simply the pawns and slaves of the Government and of the gang who are in the swim. Please think this over very carefully, because it will matter a lot to you and to your children.

Now I have only time to mention one other thing. But it is a big thing. A workman said to me the other day, 'What does it matter to me and my mates whether we live in a great Empire or in a small country like little Belgium? It may be different for the swells, but it's much the same for all of us'. That sounds all right, but just look and see where we stand. There are forty-five millions of us in this crowded island, on the whole better off than any other similar community in the world. Only about two-thirds of these could live here at our present level on the food, trade, capital and credit, which the island by itself could command. There are, therefore, about fifteen million souls

who are here because we are the heart and centre of a world-wide Empire, because of our trade and connections throughout the globe, because of our long-gathered resources and ascendancy. If these were cut away from us, our population would be ground down not only in its standard of living, but in its actual numbers to what the soil of Britain would produce. It is all very well for Mr. De Valera to go back to the bogs of Ireland with his handful of people in a land full of food, but if *we* were to try to live by ourselves alone, there would be the most frightful crash and obliteration of life which has ever darkened human records. We should share the fate on a far larger scale and in a much worse degree, of the city of Vienna which a few years ago was the capital of Central Europe and is now only a grisly skeleton. We should be like those whales which sometimes swim into our Scottish harbours, and then the tide goes out and leaves them stranded, and the little urchin boys run and cut their names on their bellies. Now that we have got this immense population here at this level of economic society, it is too late to go back to primitive and pastoral conditions. We must be a strong, successful, scientific, commercial empire or starve. There is no half-way house for Britain between greatness and ruin.

That is why I feel so anxious and so angry when I hear all these high-brow sentimentalists and chop-logic feeble-minds talking in their airy philosophical detachment about letting India go, or throwing away the Colonies, or losing touch with Canada, Australia, New Zealand or South Africa, these young nations who stretch their hands to us across the oceans. Little do these clever chatterboxes know, and little do they dream of the miseries to which they would condemn the faithful patriotic wage-earners of Britain.

All this talk of our melting down the inheritance by which we live and to which we render faithful service, into some vague international mixture—some sludgy amalgam; all these crazy appeals to disarm ourselves utterly amid an armed and arming, and an ambitious world; all these suicidal temptings to cast away what our race has gained by its valour and kept by its virtue; all these shameful and blatant declarations that we are unwilling to defend our rights and possessions, and that it is wrong even to think of doing so, lead only to the starvation and misery of the working masses and to the end of that splendour of Britain for which in every generation the best of our race have always been ready to die.

Moreover, let me say there is no reason to suppose that the task is beyond our strength. Other nations, much weaker than ours, are not daunted or cowed by the difficulties of the times. They do not bow down before the terrors of the modern world, and run off to hide in some hole. On the contrary, as Mr. Wells has told you—and here I agree with him—they are animated everywhere by the strongest spirit of nationalism. Everywhere we see them asserting their will to live and rule. If from the relaxing hands of Britain the reins of Empire fall, others will advance eagerly and hungrily to assume our neglected duties, to exploit our discarded treasures, and to fill our place in the world. It will not be to any benevolent Utopia that your inheritance will pass, but only to a fierce band of rival nationalisms, who once they know you are weakened and solitary, will brush you from their path without even a word of apology or thanks.

The interest of the British Empire and of our island is peace. We seek no territory; we desire no one's misfortune; we have no defeats to avenge; no old scores to repay. A wise foreign policy should keep us free from war. But we must become once again a strong well-defended resolute community, able to protect ourselves and guard our rights and interests not only by moral but if need be by physical force. We must shape our institutions so as to preserve the State from wayward and unconsidered lapses. We must make sure that our island civilisation and the wage-standards of our people are not beaten down by foreign pressure, and that the light which we have so long uplifted before men does not perish through foreign violence or our own decay.